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THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. IV. No. 80 (New Series) SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1932 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

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All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The Postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

THE world depression is officially at an end. Mr. Hoover, Herr von Papen and the British delegates home from Ottawa are all agreed about that. If it is indeed so—that is to say, if the present boom does not prove a mere stock-exchange affair—the problem that next confronts the world is how best to secure and distribute the fruits of this coming prosperity. We ourselves are as yet very sceptical about its arrival, and in any case regard Ottawa as a hindrance rather than a contribution towards its achievement. Much may depend on the World Economic Conference this autumn. It is perhaps natural to assume that its approach has done something to determine our rulers' choice of places and companions for their annual holidays. In Jersey, Sir Herbert Samuel and M. Herriot are said to have been conversing solely about the career of Victor Hugo: Sir Austen Chamberlain has also dined with M. Herriot, while Mr. Montagu Norman, travelling as a "Professor Clarence Skinner," happens to have chosen Bar Harbour, Maine, U.S.A., as his place of holiday, whence he makes sudden raids upon Wall Street, Governor Harrison of the Federal Reserve Bank and other notables, who periodically try to appease French apprehensions by denying knowledge of Wall Street, Mr. Norman, or each other Are all these comic disguises really a necessary part of the technique of preparing world recovery?

Events in Germany move to a climax. This may come by a combination of Centre and Nazis to oust the Papen regime and substitute a non-Nazi Chancellor, a joint cabinet, and a joint programme with a Reichstag majority. Hitler is trying to effect this as the least dangerous method of obtaining power and the remission of the Beuthen sentences. The alternative is civil war between his Brown Army and the State. The climax may come with the immediate dissolution of the new Reichstag, for which the President has already empowered the Chancellor. In that case the democratic, parliamentary, republican constitution of post-war Germany will be virtually abolished in the teeth of an unwilling Reichstag, not indeed by that "lieutenant and ten men" which the Kaiser was once told would bring that body to heel, but by a Junker Field-Marshal as President, a Junker General, a puppet Chancellor, and a shadowy cabinet of militarists or monarchists.

* * *

If Hitler's efforts with Brüning succeed in facing Hindenburg with the clear constitutional challenge, the issues in post-war Germany will at last be determinable in only one of two ways. Then we, in Britain and in Europe, shall know with which Germany we have to do. General von Schleicher has never ceased to make plain which Germany he is out to recreate, and his demand addressed to France for recognition of Germany's claim to equal armaments now brings another climax of post-war politics nearer. The allied signatories at Versailles, and their representatives at the present Disarmament Conference

have only themselves to thank for the existence (and possible persistence!) of the present German rulers. Will they strengthen the internal hold of that Government by a curt refusal of its external claims? Or strengthen it again by cynical, indifferent recognition of those claims, merely to maintain the existing measure of their own armaments? Or will they meet its claim to adequate, equal national defences by reducing their own means of attack upon it?

* * *

Count Uchida's latest utterances leave no room for doubt about the situation that will confront the world when the Lytton Commission issues its report on the Manchurian situation. The Japanese position is simple. If the Lytton Commission report, which is expected in about three weeks' time, favours not the recognition of the puppet State of Manchuko but the establishment of a genuinely international administration of the Chinese territory of Manchuria, the Powers at Geneva will have to choose between eating their own words and repudiating their own Commission on the one hand and risking the withdrawal of Japan from the League on the other. Count Uchido's own phrase is that unless the Manchurian situation is settled according to Japanese inclination "the Government are prepared to resort to extreme measures." The issue will be the supreme test of the League. It can be prophesied with some confidence that the Lytton Commission will base its conclusions on the existing treaties and that China will accept its recommendations and Japan reject them. Mr. Stimson has made it clear that the American Government considers Manchuria an integral part of China, and the League Assembly is clearly committed by its resolution of March 11th last not to recognise Manchuko. If, therefore, both sides abide by their words a break in the League is inevitable. But what we are much more likely to see is the hurried search for a formula by which the League may in fact sanction Japan's annexation of Manchuria and avoid the painful necessity of a break with Japan.

* * *

We believe that such hypocrisy would be as disastrous as it is unnecessary. In the first place it would widen the gulf which Sir John Simon's handling of the Manchurian situation has already done so much to create between Great Britain and the United States. American opinion is now very firm about Manchuko, and Washington is not likely to be moved even by the unexpected visit of the popular Admiral Nomura on a mission from Japan. Secondly, for the military caste in Japan to get its way would end all hopes of disarmament. America has already warned Japan that if she tears up the Nine-Power Treaty she will settle down to out-build the Japanese Navy and all the old talk of the "inevitable war," which died at the Washington Conference, will be revived. If, on the other hand, this country and other European Powers are prepared to back the United States in a bold front against the demands of Japan, Japan has no alternative but to give way. Her financial situation is to-day almost desperate, and a large section of her population near starvation. A bold stand at this Assembly will end the Japanese adventure. Perhaps the greatest danger of all is a half-hearted passivity which will permit Japan to go ahead and give American as well as Japanese jingos a golden chance. An ineffective stand will breed war faster even than the old diplomacy. United support of the principles of the League will alone prevent them.

* * *

Yet another conference of the agrarian States of Eastern Europe has just ended at Warsaw with the usual refrain: European preferences on imports of European cereals, and fresh loans. Neither demand is any more likely to be listened to now than two years ago, but something must be done if the basis of European economic life is to be maintained. These States are heavy debtors, they have to pay in their agrarian exports directly, or export their produce elsewhere (though to-day there is no "elsewhere") in order to secure gold or acceptable foreign exchange (though to-day there is no acceptable foreign exchange) wherewith to pay. In a time when "autarchy" is a "blessed word" all over the world, agrarian exporters are the hardest hit. Up till now France has been politically interested in most of these States—Poland, Roumania, Jugoslavia, and Hungary—and has, therefore, subsidised them. But since the slump France has steadily increased her agrarian protection, and is still doing so; Germany's Chancellor has just announced increases; we in Britain have helped quite a lot to shut out European agrarian produce. Surely the economic lesson is that if under the present economic system bankrupt debtors cannot pay in gold and are not allowed to pay in goods the alternatives are only bankruptcy proceedings or permission to export. Here is at least one objective, regional or mundane in scope, for the coming World Economic Conference—facilities for payments of debts in goods. And that means lower tariffs. How are we in Britain able to meet that necessity after Ottawa?

* * *

The stoppage in the manufacturing section of the cotton industry is not complete; but a far larger number of weavers than the employers seem to have expected have answered the call to strike. In a few centres, such as Oldham, where the "wakes" are in progress, the real position cannot be known till next week, but in most of the weaving towns the great majority of the mills are stopped, and the number of strikers has increased since Monday. There is at present no sign of any attempt to get the negotiations reopened, and the Government shows no disposition to intervene. Yet everyone admits that wage reductions cannot possibly solve Lancashire's difficulties, and on the question of reinstatement, over which the final breakdown of negotiations occurred, there can be no doubt that the operators are morally in the right, whatever the tactical wisdom of asserting their rights. They are only asking for the reinstatement of workers who struck against reductions enforced in breach of agreement. It is not easy to see how the employers can offer any defence of their refusal of the demand. Of course, the wage negotiations might break down again, even if the question of reinstatement could be satisfactorily settled. But it is ludicrous for the entire cotton industry to be plunged into a disastrous dispute over a question which ought to be capable of settlement with a modicum of ordinary common sense. It is not

without significance that the prolonged dispute in the Italian cotton trade was promptly settled as soon as the troubles in Lancashire came to a head. The British cotton industry has nothing to gain, and a great deal to lose, from a stoppage just now, and one would suppose this ought to be as obvious to the employer as it is to all intelligent outside observers.

* * *

Experience, however, teaches that it is quite unsafe to rely on common sense as a solvent of industrial troubles. It has been clear for a long time past that the difficulties of the cotton industry are more likely to be cleared up without drastic intervention from outside. The Lancashire Cotton Corporation, on which big hopes were built a few years ago, has now broken down; and not even an attempt at the reorganisation of the manufacturing side of the industry has yet been made. As long as the industry remains in the hands of the banks, and divided into a large number of competing units, including many insolvent "weak sellers," the problem of effective reorganisation will continue to be insoluble. Wage reductions cannot possibly be made on a scale adequate to offset the existing competitive disadvantages of the industry. Plainly, what is needed is State action for the unification of the industry, on the lines foreshadowed by the Graham Report. Presumably this is out of the question as long as the present Government remains in power.

* * *

The Government's decision to repay the outstanding fraction of the Four-and-a-half per cent. War Loan and the whole of the issue of Treasury Bonds at the same rate had been generally expected, and this week's announcement caused no surprise. The repayment is indeed the natural sequel to the recent conversion of the Five per cent. War Loan. The interesting question, which still remains unanswered, is in what way the Government proposes to find the money for meeting cash claims in respect of both the Five and the Four-and-a-half per cent. issues. Will it float a new long-term loan at a lower rate? Or will it make an issue of new short-term bonds at a lower rate still? The latter is, for the moment, obviously the cheaper course; but the continuance of the embargo on new capital issues rather suggests that a new long-term loan may be in contemplation. In either case, it is not easy to justify the continuance of the Treasury embargo on new issues of capital, since this purely negative measure is calculated not only to damp down business enterprise, but even to encourage a removal of money to other centres where it can be more profitably used. It would be another matter if the Treasury were using the control of new capital issues as an instrument of national economic planning. But the present embargo is being applied in a wholly unconstructive way. We must, therefore, qualify our satisfaction at the prospective saving to taxpayers with the reflection that this saving is being purchased in part at the cost of a continued damping down of industry and trade.

* * *

John Ruskin must have found occasion for ironical applause if he was listening in to the Presidential address at the British Association. To-day the men of science are sad with a more informed sorrow than that which inspired Ruskin's lamentations over man's growing enslavement to the ingenuity of his inventions. Sir Alfred Ewing, looking back "on the sweeping pageant of discovery and invention in which he used to take unlimited delight," is overcome by disillusion. Sentence after sentence in his speech echoed, in a more modest way, the denunciations that seemed, to the mid-Victorian positive scientist, only the hoarse croakings of hopeless and benighted mediaevalists. Scientific invention can give us more and more food: but of what use is that if we starve, through lack of reasonable distribution, in sight of this new wealth? We are promised, by the same capable genie, leisure that was never dreamed of by our ancestors; but of what avail is leisure if man does not discipline himself to use it with mental and spiritual profit? Himself a great engineer, Sir Alfred turned to the work of the pure scientists, the great physicists; and found a little consolation in praising the industry, patience and skill of the men who are investigating the structure of the atom, and tracking down the neutron. But it is significant that by now all the more intelligent scientists have realised the truth that man is fighting a war for mastery over the monsters of his own invention.

* * *

The politically minded will watch with interest the development of events at forthcoming by-elections. Twickenham is to be the first to poll. The constituency, at one time a safe Tory seat, has the type of electorate (the industralised outer fringe of London) that is tending more and more to vote Labour. It will be interesting to see how far disillusionment with the "National" Government's failure carries Labour on this next occasion; the capture of the seat is by no means out of the question. The position is also interesting in Cardigan. This is about the safest of all Liberal seats, and naturally there is keen competition on the part of politically ambitious Liberals to secure the nomination. But there is a "snag." Many Liberals in the constituency have distinctly Left Wing tendencies, and if the candidate officially nominated is pledged to support the Government, a second candidate of Radical tendencies may appear. This would provoke a stimulating contest.

* * *

This week's bunch of carrots goes to a Brigadier-General Lushington, Chairman of the Aldershot Bench and spiritual heir, without question, to the immortal Major-General in the *Pirates of Penzance*. Gilbert could not have improved on the opening lines of his dialogue with a young woman witness. "Haven't you got a hat?" "No, sir." "What, no hat at all?" The Brigadier thereupon "went off the deep end," told the witness exactly what he thought of her, and concluded his tirade by docking her expenses. It must have been with great difficulty that the gallant officer restrained himself from giving the lady seven days' C.B. His point, apparently—it might have been put more coherently—is that her appearance in Court without a hat is an insult (*a*) to the Deity, (*b*) to the law in general and (*c*) to General Lushington in particular; so on the whole the witness got off lightly. But General Lushington is wasted on the bench. His proper place is in non-stop variety, giving imitations of himself.

THE GERMAN PARADOX

THE instinct of self-preservation has invented many surprising dramas in the history of democratic institutions. In the Reichstag which met on Tuesday it staged its masterpiece of paradox. This doomed assembly, with its provincial neighbour the Prussian Diet, is struggling for its life. It is when one asks more precisely what it seeks to preserve that the mystification begins. Is it democracy, or the Weimar Constitution? But the Nazis and the Communists are opposed to both, and together they constitute a majority. Is it some vaguer conception of legality, or at least of pacific procedure? But these two are parties of violence. Is it, then, the present social order, the capitalist system? That least of all: for in this Reichstag three parties, which together form an immense majority—Nazis, Social Democrats and Communists—are professedly its root-and-branch opponents, and describe themselves as Socialists.

If Reichstag and Diet can by any contortion of compromise succeed in prolonging their existence, or at least in making it difficult for President Hindenburg to dissolve them, it will be by an alliance of contradictory wills. The Catholic Centre, if it can make a common front with the Nazis, will do so in the hope of preserving everything that the latter aim at destroying—Weimar, parliamentary democracy, capitalist economics. The Nazis, if they consent to enter this combination, will do so, first of all, to save the lives of their five gangster comrades, who lie under sentence of death for that peculiarly beastly murder at Beuthen in Silesia. If they have a second motive, it must be that they now recognise the Junker Ministry of von Papen and von Schleicher as a formidable obstacle on their road to dictatorship. Each must condone the vagaries of the other in the hope of outwitting him. On the incredible chemistry of such a combination, on the chance that these contradictories will cancel each other out, the survival of German parliamentary democracy would seem to depend. Does it on a realistic analysis mean more than this: that the Centre cannot hope at a new election to increase its vote, that no party in an impoverished land has unlimited funds, and that Hitler, goaded by the Beuthen sentences, has uttered threats of violence which he lacks the will to make good? It is easier for him to save these murderers by mobilising the Centre than by calling out his Brown Army.

Against a Reichstag which can prove itself workable only by suicidal contradiction stands a Ministry which seems to represent nothing whatever in contemporary Germany. It depends on the will of a veteran of eighty-five, whose title to his countrymen's trust rests on the legend of a romantic victory won eighteen years ago. President Hindenburg claims that he alone has a majority of electors behind him, but does anyone suppose that the Social Democrats would repeat the tactical vote that they cast for him earlier in the year? This aged President uses his prestige to bring back a technique of government that was Bismarck's invention—the management of Parliament through ministers who, by an adroit blending of barter, propaganda and intimidation, rather mould than interpret its will. He has called up from East Prussian manor houses, and from what survives of the old general staff, squires and soldiers who retain the habit of command, and display, one must confess, an unexpected competence in an impossible adventure. Without a party, against an overwhelming majority, they must govern a desperate nation, amid economic chaos, with only an old man's laurel wreath to decorate the bayonets behind them. The weakest Chancellor of the Hohenzollerns was in a stronger case, for he had the majesty of an ever-victorious Empire behind him, and faced parties which had neither tasted power nor regimented their voters in fighting formations.

This Papen-Schleicher Ministry has apparently two expedients at its command. If it cannot by the threat of dissolution induce Reichstag and Diet to tolerate it, it will, by some inconceivable distortion of the Constitution, actually dissolve it. Save that it would gain time, at most three months, a simple dissolution would not help it, for under proportional representation the pendulum cannot "swing." It is credited, therefore, with the intention of altering the franchise by decree, trusting to the retrospective approval of a new Reichstag. Its scheme, so rumour has it, is to disfranchise youth. The qualifying age will be raised to twenty-five, and every father and mother over forty will enjoy a plural vote. This forecast we borrow not from *Kladderadatsch* or *Ulk* but from the sober pages of the *Deutsche Volkswirt*. This fantastic experiment in Gerontocracy may never in fact be attempted, but the suggestion has this interest, that it recognises that the threat to the existing order, call it democracy, or capitalism, or, as the Nazis do, simply "the system," comes from youth. This franchise, which looks like the invention of satire, would in fact decimate the voting ranks of Nazis and Communists, restore the vanishing parties of Liberal and Conservative moderates, and confirm the tamer tendencies of Catholics and Trade Unionists. It would, in a word, bring back the generation that applauded Tannenberg and bowed to Junkers. But, more surely than any other device that perverted ingenuity could conceive, it would confirm youth in its instinct that in revolution lies its hope. We have before us a leaflet of the July election issued by a society of Communist students in the Universities. It opens with the statement that only 4,244 posts await the 18,020 students now in the faculties of arts (Philologen), while an official calculation reminds the 3,797 medical students who graduate in a year that the annual demand for doctors is from 1,500 to 2,000. It was a Nazi university professor who said the other day, looking round his class-room, "A society which cannot find work for all its sons deserves to be burned to the ground." This youth, which the elder generation dreads, is near that point of energetic despair: its vote was the last illusion that kept it patient.

The second of the Ministry's inventions was expounded in the Chancellor's broadcast of last Sunday. It is an exceedingly complicated plan that aims at inducing industrialists by lavish remission of taxation to enlarge production and employment. On the basis of certificates which represent the remitted tax-payments a fabric of expanded credit will be built. The Government will at the same time support employers who take on additional hands in drastic wage-cuts.

It is a class-conscious plan of inflation, which must involve at least a temporary rise in prices and an increase of production with no assurance or probability of any commensurate increase in mass consumption. By the amount by which the wages of the new employees exceed the "dole" buying power will be increased; by the cuts in the wages of all who still have work to-day it will be reduced. The Bismarckian formula for retaining power is revived; the agrarians and the industrialists are to be won over, the former by agricultural protection, the latter by inflation. The Budget will be unbalanced, and solvency could be restored again only if a mighty revival of trade should swell every source of revenue. On this gamble turns the chance that the Ministry may gain the confidence of an elderly electorate.

So is fought out in Berlin the last engagement in the war that was to have made the world safe for democracy. Reparations have vanished indeed, but only after they have destroyed all but the shell of this Republic. This democracy, confronting an external world that behaved as if it had vowed its ruin, has succumbed in all but the name to a class conflict which it could neither decide nor assuage. The rest is a struggle between youth which demands its place in the sun and an old-world tradition that can improve upon the Bismarckian technique only by lop-sided inflation. Order can triumph only by reaction and inertia: but if it triumphs at home, it must by its claim for rearmament smash what there is of system beyond Germany's borders.

ROAD AND RAIL

THE road system of Great Britain is an expensive necessity. In the year 1931–2 it cost approximately £76,000,000, including over £9,000,000 for interest and sinking fund on past capital expenditure. Considerably more than half this total is for maintenance, quite apart from the provision of new roads or from major improvements of any kind. In fact, new roads accounted for only £6,000,000, and improvements for under £19,000,000. The heavy bill that has to be met is mainly for keeping our road system as it now exists in reasonable order and repair.

Along these roads travel approximately 1,800,000 motor vehicles of various kinds, apart from trams and horse-drawn traffic. Inevitably, the number of motor vehicles grows rapidly each year, and it would grow much faster if there were any return of economic prosperity. There are far less motor cars in Great Britain than in the United States in proportion to population; yet nowhere in the world are so many crowded into so little space. The congestion is bound to become more severe in any circumstances, but how much more severe it gets is likely to depend far more on the growth of goods traffic by road than on that of private motoring. For commercial vehicles are in far more continuous use than private cars, and they also cause far more obstruction and wear and tear, and call for a larger expenditure on road maintenance and improvement.

Everyone knows how, year by year, more and more traffic is being diverted from the railways to the roads, and how serious an effect this diversion is having on railway revenues. The road is apt, moreover, to take away from the railways, at any rate in the case of goods, a fair amount of the most remunerative traffic, leaving the railways with the heavy traffic which it has been customary to carry at cheap rates. The railways have never managed their affairs by charging for each class of traffic a price roughly equivalent to the cost of carriage. They have fixed their charges largely on the principle of asking what each class of traffic will bear. Road carriers, on the other hand, stick far more closely to the principle of cost, as they are bound to do under the existing competitive conditions. This causes them to take away from the railways especially the types of traffic for which the railways have put their charges relatively high. It is out of the question for the railways to recoup themselves by raising their charges for heavy traffic such as coal, since this would react at once by depressing the coal trade, especially in the case of exports, and reducing the volume of goods offered for transport. So the railways, while they continue to be indispensable to the British economic system, go on losing traffic to the road carriers, and are likely to lose it still more in the future unless the conditions of competition are altered.

The railway companies recognise that this loss of traffic is to some extent inevitable, because for certain types of transport road haulage is actually both more economical and preferable in itself. But they allege that the scales are weighted unfairly against them, because they have to meet the entire cost of maintaining their permanent way, whereas their rivals get a large public subsidy for road maintenance and improvement. The railways estimate their cost of maintenance, including capital charges and local rates, at no less than £64,000,000 a year, and, while this figure is probably too high to afford a fair basis of comparison, as it includes £36,000,000 for interest on capital, there is no doubt of the heavy cost which the provision of their own permanent way places upon them. As against this the total yield of petrol and licence duties paid by road users is about equal to current expenditure upon the roads; but the railway companies allege with truth that commercial road transport does not pay anything like the proportion of this cost which its use of the roads and its demands for repairs and improvement render equitable. Road transport of the commercial type, they say, is in effect subsidised by the taxpayers, and able for this reason to compete with them on far more favourable terms than if it were really self-supporting. They add that they are subject to onerous restrictions and conditions in respect of wages, hours of labour, safety provisions, and so on, from which road transport agencies are exempt, and that these conditions weight the scales still more unfairly against them.

The aim of the Conference presided over by Sir Arthur Salter, which has recently issued its Report*, was to get the railway companies and the leading organisations of road hauliers to agree on an equitable basis for competition between the rival forms of transport. The result is an agreed recommendation which would raise considerably the total taxation paid by commercial road vehicles. Surprisingly, the Report is unanimous, though it has already evoked loud protests from various road transport associations which were not represented. Among many leading representatives of road transport there is a readiness to recognise that they have been getting off too lightly, and to accept as fair some readjustment of burdens. The Salter Conference has attempted to find a basis for this readjustment, with the aid of a formula based partly on petrol consumption and partly on ton-mileage. It is probably as good a formula for general use as could be devised, but a study of its working out strongly suggests a doubt whether any formula can really touch the root of the problem.

The road haulage which menaces the railways belongs, as far as goods traffic is concerned, to two main types. There are haulage contractors who compete with the railways in their business as common carriers, and there are firms—a growing number—which transport their own wares in their own motor vehicles. As far as the latter are encroach-

* *Report of the Conference on Road and Rail Transport.* H.M. Stationery Office. 1s. 3d.

ing on the railways, the question is clearly in the main one of relative cost, which depends largely on the taxation levied on road users. The position of the haulage contractors is somewhat different. In their case the remedy seems to lie far more in a close consideration of the two forms of transport than in any attempt to establish an equitable basis of competition in terms of cost. Businesses which elect to carry their own goods in their own vehicles must obviously be left free to do so, subject to such conditions about wages, hours, and proper maintenance of vehicles as the State may impose. Yet as between the railways and the haulage contractors the problem would surely be dealt with far more satisfactorily by a pooling of interests than by any adjustment of the conditions of competition. What concerns the hirer of transport is the speed and safety with which his goods reach their destination, and the price he is called upon to pay. If these conditions are satisfactory it does not matter to him how, or by what route, the goods actually travel. Transport facilities could be considerably improved if road and rail were operated together as parts of a single unified system. Some hirers might have to pay more than they pay now, but the total real cost of the combined service could be reduced, and it could be put as a whole on a paying basis without extra cost to the consumers as a body.

The Salter Conference's terms of reference were too narrow to allow it even to consider this possibility of unification. It was asked only to report on the most reasonable terms to lay down for continued competition between the two branches of transport. But the real moral of its conclusions is that, whatever changes it may be desirable to make in the taxes on road vehicles—it is certain that changes in this respect ought to be made—the fundamental need is for real unification of the transport system, as far as it is engaged in the business of common carrying. This is not only because we cannot afford to do without the railways, and cannot make them pay if the cream of the traffic is to be transferred to the road, but also because a unified service of road and rail could be made far more efficient than the two branches of transport can ever be under divided control.

A LONDON DIARY

THE English intelligentsia is dribbling home from Russia. Among the groups just back is a party of English journalists which included the Editor of this paper. I asked him what he thought of the Russian situation and he replied that he never imagined that he would be able to come to any general conclusion as a result of a month of what was necessarily sight-seeing in some form or other. His principal amusement was in watching the troubles of people who were determined to form skin-tight opinions about everything. Each generalisation was killed as soon as it was born. The shops in Leningrad and Moscow are empty: those in Rostov, Kharkov and Kiev are gay and well stocked. The explanation is that goods have been rushed down to the Ukraine so that the peasants may be encouraged at harvest time by the sight of something to buy. Presumably in six months' time the situation may be exactly reversed. One factory promises much and as yet produces little; another, much less expensively equipped, may be working well. Some people will tell you that the Communist party are a kind of Samurai (to adopt the idea of the disciplined governing body described in Wells's *Modern Utopia*); others try to make out that it really resembles Tammany Hall. The complicated truth may be learnt, but with patience and not as a result of casual or hostile inquiry. And then so many visitors have no notion of what to expect in a still primitive eastern country in summer, and continually make the mistake of comparing Russia of to-day not with Tsarist Russia, or with Russia of two years ago, but with western countries. Such people are tossed about like shuttle-cocks from a mood of elation caused by an astonishing experiment in prison reform or child welfare to the depths of despair by a slow, unpunctual and insanitary train. One really active bug can alter an entire perspective.

* * *

Intourist does its best. Reports agree that its organisation is better than last year; its guides arrive in time, talk decent English and are keen and competent. But the number of English, German and American visitors this year sometimes proved overwhelming, and in any case Intourist cannot make trains or boats punctual or clean. "Sechas," which is usually translated "immediately," means literally "within the hour" and, in practice, "any old time," is still the common formula. The young, keen Communists are driven wild by it. A typical instance was dinner the first night on the Volga boat, the last course of which was still to be served—"sechas"—at eleven o'clock at night. The energetic Comrade Block, editor of the Intourist *Guide to the Soviet Union*, found on inquiry that none of the waiters or waitresses had ever waited before. Like 60 per cent. of the people you meet in Russia, they were peasants in process of learning not to be peasants. As a result of a terrific display of energy on Block's part the service by the third day was quite competent. The incident was typical of everything in Russia. What one sees there is not an established Communism, but immemorial Russia in the process of being bullied and battered by the Communist party into the habits of western industrialism. Only inspired or, as some would argue, insane men would dream of trying to pack the work of five hundred years into five years, and the amount of success that can attend such an effort is still a matter for speculation. "Sechas" still predominates in spite of the Bolsheviks, and there are times when the whole country, as Sean O'Casey would no doubt say, seems to be in a state of "chasis."

* * *

Some members of the journalists' party, including David Low, came back overland across the Ukrainian border. This route is comparatively little used, and the Customs authorities were obviously flummoxed when a train arrived bringing, not only several groups of British and American tourists, but also a party of about a hundred Bavarian students. It is the ludicrous duty of these officials to examine all literature and all films and pictures. The films, which must be developed in Russia, have to be scrutinised lest a picture of any object of military importance be permitted to escape from Russia. What harm the Soviet Government would suffer from tourists' photographs of bridges, railway stations or soldiers—you can buy post cards of them—Stalin only knows. In a scene of indescribable confusion, such as one could witness at almost any European frontier in the years immediately following the war, the officials desperately began examining copies of Pope and *Paradise Lost* in one bag and Don Passos' *Nineteen Nineteen* in another. They soon gave up the literature as hopeless, but insisted on looking through every film, and wildly confiscating every spool they thought suspicious, to the rage and despair of tourists, who had been given permission to take the photographs, and who did not even know enough Russian to explain that they had carefully obeyed the rule not to photograph bridges, railway stations or soldiers. But matters became serious when a fat official began solemnly to examine the sketch books which Low had filled with a delicious record of present-day Russia. He blandly confiscated them apparently on the ground that they included caricatures of two Russian soldiers, and it was only after much argument, and threats that the whole British press would be filled with the incident, that they were returned. Low was heard to remark that the thing that really riled him about the incident was that the official who had examined his drawings never permitted himself to smile.

Obviously the next job for Intourist is to see that such absurd relics of war psychology disappear from the Russian frontiers. If the drawings had not been returned the incident would have done more harm to Anglo-Russian relations than anything since the Arcos raid, and people who approach Russia after the manner of schoolmasters looking for blots in a schoolboy's exercise book are likely to give a totally disproportionate importance to such aggravating follies. One such observer worked out a highly impressive case which would certainly have pleased the *Times* correspondent at Riga. He added together the extent of Russian foreign debt, the immensity of her capital expenditure, estimated the number of screws loose in any tractor, the inordinate rate of capital depreciation, included the lack of experts and trained mechanics, the paucity of transport, the excessive labour turnover, threw in the food shortage as a make-weight, and decided that the whole Soviet system must shortly collapse. If the maximum marks were ten, the faults were at least twelve and the Five Year Plan a minus quantity. The case, taken item by item, is a strong one. The objection to it is merely that Russia is not a faulty exercise, but a vast agglomeration of incalculable forces about which one may generalise at one's peril. Such a method of judging leaves out all the imponderables—the colossal energy of the Communist Party, the flexibility of the whole system which changes from week to week, the docility of the mass of Russian people, to whom there is nothing new in living on bread: indeed, as an analysis it leaves out only one thing—Russia.

* * *

Meanwhile in the West Capitalism is dreaming of recovery. I find the experts at present quite unwilling to say whether the rise in the stock market is a thing of substance or merely a Wall Street boom which will collapse when Mr. Hoover is elected. Two stories are told me as obituary notices of the great American slump. The first is that of a man who signed a cheque which was returned to him unhonoured with the words "No Bank" written across it. The second is the history of the only man who foretold the slump. He sold all his stocks, put his money on deposit and then sat back and smiled. The bank crashed and after eighteen months paid him twenty-five cents on the dollar. With this money he was able to buy back all his stocks with something over in cash. He is no doubt a rich man again to-day. It seems to me that if Communism is mad, Capitalism is madder still.

CRITIC.

THE FUTURE OF THE LABOUR PARTY

[*In this introductory article Sir Stafford Cripps urges that Labour must adopt a bolder Socialist policy. Subsequent articles will discuss specific aspects of Labour policy. Next week Professor H. J. Laski will deal with the constitutional problem that confronts it. Mr. J. M. Keynes will discuss its financial policy.*—ED. N. S. & N.]

EVER since the debacle of last autumn those who are interested in the political future have been canvassing the prospects of the Labour Party. The most recent expression of opinion has come from the two dissentient halves of what was once the Independent Labour Party. That party has been split in two ostensibly by a divergence of opinion amongst its members as to the possibility of achieving Socialism through a Labour majority.

Such doubts as to the definitely Socialist character of the next Labour Government are not unnatural in view of the history of the party since the war and more especially since 1929.

To change the existing capitalist system to one in which private property and the private ownership of the wealth-producing resources of the country have no place is a great undertaking. The reins of power must be taken from the hands of those who now own or control practically the whole national wealth. To do this without violence the Labour Party must defeat at the polls a coalition of parties each one of which can obtain almost unlimited financial support so long as it is pledged to protect the private ownership of property. From the point of view of financial backing and the power which money gives in elections the Labour Party can never compete with the other parties which are so lavishly supported by the great vested interests.

The pioneers of the Socialist movement were fully alive to this fact, but they realised, too, that mere organisation, however great its financial backing, could never rival in its popular appeal the almost religious zeal and fervour for equality and justice with which they enthused their followers. It was by this inspiration that the Labour Party was built up; a haphazard growth centring upon street-corner nuclei, but having behind it and in it an enthusiasm and self-sacrificing desire to help which has always enabled it to call upon a vast band of voluntary workers who have been the envy and despair of other political parties.

It was this inspiring force which brought about the rapid growth of the party, but with that growth came the necessity for organisation. Political and municipal representation had to be organised, contact with other movements, finance, publicity, and finally programmes, together with all the other paraphernalia of a political party, with a centralised staff and control. Is there any way in which an organised political party can retain the inspiration which is necessary to win a crusade? The answer to this question is of vital importance to the future of the Labour Party, for unless there is such a way the defeat of Capitalism must come through revolution.

But there is a second aspect of the Labour Party's approach to power which is also important. Socialism has largely been, and still is widely considered to be, the creed of the "under-dog," trying to wrest justice and a share of the good things from those who now largely monopolise them, and who thus govern and rule the life of the common people. The "under-dog" has been, and still is, apt to look upon the art of government as some mystic rite which can only be performed by the ruling class, except it be with long preparation and apprenticeship. The Labour Party—in a word—tends to suffer from an inferiority complex which diminishes its self-confidence, not only as to what it can attempt when it has the opportunity, but as to what it is prepared to pledge itself to attempt when the opportunity arises.

The time for vague and general programmes has passed, and with the necessity for more precision and definition there is a tendency to great caution, coupled with a fear of the party's inability to carry through the necessarily far-reaching and difficult reforms that will be required; a hesitation on the brink which makes some observers doubt the will to cross the river. It is this tendency of self-depreciation which has given such piquancy and power to the "aristocratic embrace," and so long as the "complex" continues the "embrace" will remain the powerful weapon it has so recently shown itself to be.

There are still those in the Labour Party who are fearful of attempting to progress too quickly even within the limits of constitutional action. It is, of course, impossible for any person to state beforehand the exact sequence in which difficulties will arise or the precise means that will be necessary to overcome them, but in the approach of the Party to the future it must be clear and definite in the purpose of its actions.

The Labour Party has undoubtedly suffered in the past from its repeated attempts to bring amelioration to the lot of the working classes within the capitalist system. These efforts have led many people to regard its aim as being organised State charity rather than a fundamental change of the whole economic system. An undue insistence upon

the importance of the amount and the administration of the unemployment benefit, old-age pensions, workmen's compensation and similar matters has tended to mask the far more important features of the party programme. The failure of such expedients either to bring about Socialism or to make the capitalist system tolerable has now been fully demonstrated, and it is essential that the party, in its approach to the electorate, should place the fullest emphasis upon its economic programme of co-operation, planning and control as an alternative to the present basis of financial and industrial organisation.

If these fundamental features of the party's policy are placed in the forefront of its programme, clearly explained and precisely defined, the electorate will appreciate that some definite and hopeful alternative is offered them. But this practical economic programme will not of itself suffice to give the motive power for victory. Behind, above, and through it there must always be the spirit of the movement, the intense desire for social justice, not merely because one or another will "get more out of it," but because of the essential ethical, moral, and religious rightness of the cause. It is this spirit which has carried the party so far in the past and which alone can counteract the essentially dulling effect of "organisation." It is in the hundreds and thousands of supporters of the party who have this spirit that the hope of the future lies.

The appeal to the electorate must needs be upon a bold and inspired policy; bold because the party is convinced that nothing but a complete change of the economic system will save civilisation, and inspired because the aim and object is to bring greater happiness and justice to the masses who have little of either at the present time.

William Morris nearly forty years ago set out in a few words the essential qualities of a Socialist party. "Intelligence enough to conceive, courage enough to will, power enough to compel; if our ideas of a new society are anything more than a dream these three qualities must animate the due effective quality of the working people, and then, I say, the thing will be done."

It is the "courage enough to will" that is so essential at the present time. Doubt either in its own powers or in its own programme will be fatal to the Labour Party; it will communicate its own lack of confidence to the electorate, who are ready to respond to a bold lead, but who will never come forward to support a hesitant or doubting policy.

It is apparent that the difficult times of last year and the unscrupulous suggestions made as to the attitude of some of the present Labour leaders at the time of the autumn crisis have shaken the confidence of some of their followers. There is a suspicion in the minds of some Socialists that the declarations made at the last Labour Party conference at Scarborough last year were hurriedly thought out and perhaps only half meant. This atmosphere of doubt is hardly to be wondered at when it is remembered how carefully it has been nurtured by opponents and by a press which is so overwhelmingly hostile to the Socialist cause.

But nearly a year has passed since the Scarborough conference, and at Leicester in October the party will have another opportunity of stating its policy. Since the last election it has been carefully and thoroughly reconsidering its programme in the light of the most recent world events; a fresh enthusiasm has made itself shown at the great "rallies" held throughout the country this summer, and it will be for the party conference at Leicester to decide whether the party has "courage enough to will."

None can doubt that the present is a time of great importance for Socialism and Democracy. Throughout the world the tide of progress which succeeded the war is ebbing. More and more people are showing their doubts as to the possibility of so fundamental a change as that from Capitalism to Socialism being accomplished by constitutional means. Gradualness has been proved to be anything but inevitable, for at the moment when the promise of some real achievement was evident the power of capitalist finance and industry showed itself strong enough to bring about a complete reversal of the slow progress that had been made. History will repeat itself unless the Labour Party shows courage enough to will and when it gets into office has confidence and determination to exercise its power to compel.

With a bold policy which faces the realities and difficulties of the opposition that will have to be met from vested interests, and with an inspired zeal confident in the excellence of its cause, the Labour Party may yet achieve power and accomplish its object of a peaceful revolution in the basis of our civilisation. If the Labour Party fails, as fail it must if it shows doubt and hesitation, then the way will be left open for more violent and disagreeable policies to prevail, and even those who now oppose the Labour Party will look back with regret at its failure. STAFFORD CRIPPS.

COMMON LODGING HOUSES

COMMON lodging houses, of which there are several hundred in London, are night-shelters specially licensed by the L.C.C. They are intended for people who cannot afford regular lodgings, and in effect they are extremely cheap hotels. It is hard to estimate the lodging house population, which varies continually, but it always runs into tens of thousands, and in the winter months probably approaches fifty thousand. Considering that they house so many people and that most of them are in an extraordinarily bad state common lodging houses do not get the attention they deserve.

To judge the value of the L.C.C. legislation on this subject, one must realise what life in a common lodging house is like. The average lodging house ("doss-house," it used to be called) consists of a number of dormitories, and a kitchen, always subterranean, which also serves as a sitting-room. The conditions in these places, especially in southern quarters such as Southwark or Bermondsey, are disgusting. The dormitories are horrible fetid dens, packed with anything up to a hundred men, and furnished with beds a good deal inferior to those in a London casual ward. Normally these beds are about 5ft. 6in. long by 2ft. 6in. wide, with a hard convex mattress and a cylindrical pillow like a block of wood; sometimes, in the cheaper houses, not even a pillow. The bed-clothes consist of two raw umber-coloured sheets, supposed to be changed once a week, but actually, in many cases, left on for a month, and a cotton counterpane; in winter there may be blankets, but never enough. As often as not the beds are verminous, and the kitchens invariably swarm with cockroaches or black beetles. There are no baths, of course, and no room where any privacy is attainable. These are the normal and accepted conditions in all ordinary lodging houses. The charges paid for this kind of accommodation vary between 7d. and 1s. 1d. a night. It should be added that, low as these charges sound, the average common lodging house brings in something like £40 net profit a week to its owner.

Besides the ordinary dirty lodging houses, there are a few score, such as the Rowton Houses and the Salvation Army hostels, that are clean and decent. Unfortunately, all of these places set off their advantages by a discipline so rigid and tiresome that to stay in them is rather like being in jail. In London (curiously enough it is better in some other towns) the common lodging house where one gets both liberty and a decent bed does not exist.

The curious thing about the squalor and discomfort of the ordinary lodging house is that these exist in places subject to constant inspection by the L.C.C. When one first sees the murky, troglodytic cave of a common lodging house kitchen, one takes it for a corner of the early nineteenth century which has somehow been missed by the reformers; it is a surprise to find that common lodging houses are

governed by a set of minute and (in intention) exceedingly tyrannical rules. According to the L.C.C. regulations, practically everything is against the law in a common lodging house. Gambling, drunkenness, or even the introduction of liquor, swearing, spitting on the floor, keeping tame animals, fighting—in short, the whole social life of these places—are all forbidden. Of course, the law is habitually broken, but some of the rules are enforceable, and they illustrate the dismal uselessness of this kind of legislation. To take an instance: some time ago the L.C.C. became concerned about the closeness together of beds in common lodging houses, and enacted that these must be at least 3ft. apart. This is the kind of law that is enforceable, and the beds were duly moved. Now, to a lodger in an already overcrowded dormitory it hardly matters whether the beds are 3ft. apart or 1ft.; but it does matter to the proprietor, whose income depends upon his floor space. The sole real result of this law, therefore, was a general rise in the price of beds. Please notice that though the space between the beds is strictly regulated, nothing is said about the beds themselves—nothing, for instance, about their being fit to sleep in. The lodging house keepers can, and do, charge 1s. for a bed less restful than a heap of straw, and there is no law to prevent them.

Another example of L.C.C. regulations. From nearly all common lodging houses women are strictly excluded; there are a few houses specially for women, and a very small number—too small to affect the general question—to which both men and women are admitted. It follows that any homeless man who lives regularly in a lodging house is entirely cut off from female society—indeed, cases even happen of man and wife being separated owing to the impossibility of getting accommodation in the same house. Again, some of the cheaper lodging houses are habitually raided by slumming parties, who march into the kitchen uninvited and hold lengthy religious services. The lodgers dislike these slumming parties intensely, but they have no power to eject them. Can anyone imagine such things being tolerated in a hotel? And yet a common lodging house is only a hotel at which one pays 8d. a night instead of 10s. 6d. This kind of petty tyranny can, in fact, only be defended on the theory that a man poor enough to live in a common lodging house thereby forfeits some of his rights as a citizen.

One cannot help feeling that this theory lies behind the L.C.C. rules for common lodging houses. All these rules are in the nature of interference-legislation—that is, they interfere, but not for the benefit of the lodgers. Their emphasis is on hygiene and morals, and the question of comfort is left to the lodging house proprietor, who, of course, either shirks it or solves it in the spirit of organised charity. It is worth pointing out the improvements that could actually be made in common lodging houses by legislation. As to cleanliness, no law will ever enforce that, and in any case it is a minor point. But the sleeping accommodation, which is the important thing, could easily be brought up to a decent standard. Common lodging houses are places in which one pays to sleep, and most of them fail in their essential purpose, for no one can sleep well in a rackety dormitory on a bed as hard as bricks. The L.C.C. would be doing an immense service if they compelled lodging house keepers to divide their dormitories into cubicles and, above all, to provide comfortable beds; for instance, beds as good as those in the London casual wards. And there seems no sense in the principle of licensing all houses for "men only" or "women only," as though men and women were sodium and water and must be kept apart for fear of an explosion; the houses should be licensed for both sexes alike, as they are in some provincial towns. And the lodgers should be protected by law against various swindles which the proprietors and managers are now able to practice on them. Given these conditions, common lodging houses would serve their purpose, which is an important one, far better than they do now. After all, tens of thousands of unemployed and partially employed men have literally no other place in which they can live. It is absurd that they should be compelled to choose, as they are at present, between an easy-going pigsty and a hygienic prison.

ERIC BLAIR.

Correspondence

MR. WELLS'S WORLD SOCIETY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—A great number of people have been deeply stirred by H. G. Wells's article in your issue of August 20th. The definiteness of it is that for which many have been waiting. Wells himself has hitherto rather deprecated organisation, certainly anything like a Wellsian cult. But since the publication of *The Open Conspiracy* thousands of people have felt that here at least is a man who thinks clearly, has vision, and can put in an orderly way the disjointed ideas which have been floating in their minds.

This article does definitely suggest an effective check to the vicious and disruptive trend of world politics, and I think it would be a mistake to allow this declaration to be as an arrow shot into the air. Those of us who sympathise in general with the ideals presented by Wells should at least meet and discuss whether this is not the opportune time to (1) determine the line of thinking we should pursue in order that our ideas may converge to something like a policy, and (2) be prepared to undertake an educational campaign which in its turn shall be pervasive in its influence.

We should not be deterred by any lack of vociferous support even from advanced Liberals. The men who seem most impatient with things as they are make very poor attempts to replace them by anything that is better. Do not let us be afraid of great ideals, but do let us fear casting these ideals like stars into the sky, and hoping men will strive after them. The notion that a lonely thinker can set to work upon world-problems and make discoveries of mighty importance—and get them accepted by a waiting world—is an illusion. The most idealistic society ever established with a dozen men and a leader had in a few short months to organise itself into a propagandist church. But the method was to prepare a band to broadcast the teaching.

That is what we could do. It is not enough, for example, to leave it to chance as to how our ideal of Internationalism is to reach men, and overtake the ignorances and prejudices of those who derive their political thought from cheap and nasty newspapers. We should provide definite means for the communication of the truth as we see it.

I believe in the enormous power of informed opinion, in the definite effect of a real challenge to what is pernicious and evil. A society such as I have in mind would be the merest skeleton of organisation, but it would be like radiating light, the limits of whose area cannot be discerned, and the form of whose extension is star-like. As the rays streaming from the centre penetrate the darkness, so the truth will penetrate the world, and it is impossible to limit its effect.

This challenge of to-day can only be answered by corporate action. The power of the individual to strive with it is very insignificant. Many of the perils with which we are faced are due to organisation, and they can only be met by similarly organised powers.

Such a society would at least (a) satisfy the needs of the individual in offering him the opportunity of adequate self-expression, and (b) provide the means to face and answer the challenge of the futile and subversive policies of reactionary politicians.

Wells's call is to Liberals—and scattered through this land there are hundreds of thousands who would respond to it if it were presented to them; men and women who are almost in despair with the Liberal Party, who are sure that its Simons, its Samuels, and its Runcimans are not Liberals when tried by any true test, that the clamant need of to-day is for such a Liberalism as Wells has outlined.

If there are any of your readers who share my opinion that an informal conference might be called to discuss these suggestions I shall be glad to hear from them, and will, if requested, arrange such a meeting.

A. E. OWEN-JONES.

National Liberal Club,
London, S.W.1.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In my brief memorandum about a possible Liberal progressive organisation, I gave that the provisional name of the X Society. But I find there is already an X Society in existence. I apologise to it. May I substitute Z Society?

Lou Pidou, H. G. WELLS.
Saint Mathieu, Grasse A.-M.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—There are several hundred societies in this country already working, largely owing to Mr. H. G. Wells's influence, along lines very like those he suggests in his article. Its publication will, no doubt, result in the formation of several dozen more, scattered, small, and impotent.

The Federation of Progressive Persons and Societies represents an attempt to mobilise these, to give them a united twist towards organisation and results, and to apply their combined resources on opportunist but consistent lines. May I ask those who agreed with Mr. Wells's article either to write to us or attend the conference announced in your advertising columns?

4 Parton Street, W.C.1. THE HON. SECRETARY,
The F.P.P.S.

PROTECTION AND AGRICULTURE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—S. L. B. in his articles on wheat and agriculture conveniently ignores the fundamental point of land tenure and land values, which stultifies most of his conclusions. Until land tenure is drastically reformed, or land values taxation thoroughly imposed, any public assistance which may be given to increase the cultivation acreage, or for anything else, can only be accomplished by simultaneously presenting millions of pounds to the landowners of the better land which can be cultivated without subsidy.

Where does the whole system of State doles, quotas, tariffs, etc., lead us?

The subsidies, camouflaged as they may be, amount now in reality to about £6 per acre for land under potatoes, or wheat, and to £12 or more per acre for land under sugar beet.

One can think of farms on the best land of about 400 acres, paying now high rents of over 50s. per acre, where all the land is now under the plough. If the farmer arranged, as he might easily do, to have three-fourths of his farm under potatoes, wheat and beet he would be drawing subsidy of over £2,000 per annum, which he did not require and which of course would shortly disappear in increased rent or price of his farm.

Further, S. L. B. says corn-growing is the foundation of all farming.

With less than 10 per cent. of our total farm sales consisting of grain, his statement seems nonsense. In fact, by far the greatest proportion of cultivated farm land is cultivated not for the production of grain for sale, but for the production of winter food for live stock and for improving temporary pastures. Apart from potatoes, which, comparatively, are a small acreage, the dominating factor for cultivation is stock-keeping and not grain-growing.

Under the Corn Laws farmers and workers were worse off than at any other period because of inflated rents, which were driven up by wild optimists lured to destruction by the bait of State subsidies or tariffs.

Agriculture can never prosper under a landlord and tenant system, as it might do otherwise. The remedy for agricultural troubles lies in land tenure reform and in taxation of land values, and not in doles. A remittance man could never be termed prosperous. ARTHUR R. MCDOUGAL.

Blythe, Lauder.

LOCAL LABOUR PARTIES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I should like to add a word to what your correspondent, Miss Bentwich, has said about the "cleavage" between local Labour Parties and the "intelligentsia."

As a member of S.S.I.P., I fully appreciate both its objects and methods, for I feel that only through such a society will the gulf be bridged. Probably owing to its youth, the "inquiry" side of its activities seems at present to be considerably more emphasised than the "propaganda," but this will doubtless be less noticeable before long.

Your correspondent suggests that all Labour supporters should subscribe to their local parties; I would suggest that they not only do this, but also behave as ordinary rank and file members are expected to do—attend ward meetings and take their part in the everyday work of the parties. They need not fear that their time will be wasted—they have much of value to learn from the rank and file as well as to teach them. How can anyone expect to produce a programme and plan of action, practicable in the present circumstances and suitable to present needs, without a thorough knowledge of the ideas and psychology of those upon whom its execution must, after all, to a great extent, necessarily depend? And, on the other hand, what better opportunity is there for that ceaseless individual propaganda which alone will pave the way for the result at which we are all aiming? JOAN BOURNE.

S. Bartholomew's Vicarage,
Reading.

AN AMERICAN VIEW

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—"The Lausanne Hypothesis" in your issue of July 16th states: "Whatever the legalities may be, we shall not go on shipping gold to New York year by year, as sensible Americans already realise." In this statement your article is quite correct, but it is later widely in error in the assumption that some "jam" of armament reduction will be necessary to assist the American palate to swallow "the powder of cancellation." Sensible Americans realise that repudiation is an accomplished fact, and that it would now be folly to expect Europe, including Great Britain, to keep either the spirit or the letter of an armament reduction agreement.

To many Americans, Great Britain's participation in the gentlemen's agreement seems infinitely regrettable. Out of it may come, not jam for American opinion, but pottage for which England will have paid a birthright.

The grand gesture of generosity for which you have been waiting will come in time, and it should be sufficient that it save your face—externally—by accepting the gentler name. In the meanwhile, there is no reason why we on this side of the Atlantic should not enjoy what amusement we can glean from such absurdities as MacFlecknoe's suggestion that *you* have released your debtors! GEORGE M. OSBORN.

825 Batavia Avenue,
Geneva, Illinois.

THE PROMENADES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Like many other admirers of our native artist Mr. Arthur Catterall, I was really shocked at the criticism by Mr. W. J. Turner, in last week's issue, of the rendering of the Tchaikovsky concerto by Mr. Catterall. It surely exceeds the limits of legitimate criticism.

I heard the performance on the wireless. I was impressed by the power of the interpretation. But from friends who had been present in the Hall, whose judgment I can rely on, I heard opinions exactly the opposite to those of Mr. Turner, and they were unanimous. Happening to be in the neighbourhood of the Queen's Hall on Friday morning, I consulted one or two friends in the orchestra during the interval. Not only was their judgment the exact reversal of Mr. Turner's, but they were indignant at the injustice and untruthfulness of the criticism. One might describe the notice by Mr. Turner's own word—"nonsense." I leave it there.

I have often admired Mr. Turner's criticisms—I shall probably do so again—but on this occasion to make a protest seems the very least one can do. ARTHUR LYON.

20 Weymouth Street, W.1.

"THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Quennell is sarcastic in your columns at my association of James Thomson's name with that of Shelley, quite missing the point that I was alluding not to any supposed likeness in the two writers, but to the fact (interesting to rationalists, if not to your critic) that they both were champions of free thought.

Even that I should not have done, if I shared Mr. Quennell's poor opinion of Thomson's poem. He speaks of its "æsthetic

failure"; I hold that there are cantos in "The City" as magnificent as any verse of recent times. It would be useless to discuss the question; it is one for the judgment of the future. But I would remind your readers that a century ago Shelley's æsthetic failure was being asserted with equal confidence. One defect pointed out in the *Quarterly Review* was his "want of music."

21 Cleveland Road, Brighton. HENRY S. SALT.

A PROTEST

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I notice that one of the Book Society's recommendations for August is the Collected Poems of D. H. Lawrence. May I express my regret that the Society, which rightly ignored this man Lawrence while he was alive, should have weakened to the point of recognising his work now that he is dead? I am not one of those who consider that a writer's obnoxiousness dies with him.

The Book Society till now has had a very fine record, and it has scrupulously avoided giving recognition to the indecency-mongers. Why have they suddenly stooped to the level of this book of poems by D. H. Lawrence? I will not speak of the technical incompetence, which seems to me obvious on every page of the book; nor of the pervasive insinuating indecency of many poems. *But in this book, on page* 89, *there appears a dirty word*—a word one would turn away from in the street; and here it is printed, in the middle of a poem in some sort of dialect, in a book chosen by the Book Society! What can I say? Has the Committee of the Book Society read this book, and are they aware that on their recommendation it has found its way into a large number of English homes? ALEX. WITHERBY.

Miscellany

WINGS

WHEN gathering vapours climb in storm
The steep sierras of delight,
Wings of your hair I love to form
And on its perfume soar from sight:
For in those great black plumes unfurled
The darkest condor of my thought
May stretch his aching sinews taut
And fling his shadow on the world.
When sick of self, my moods rebel,
The demon from his secret hell,
The eagle from his cage of brass—
They have been lent such scented wings
Over the wreck of earthly things
In silence with the sun to pass.

ROY CAMPBELL.

JOHN CLELAND

IF ever there was an honest, true-blue Scottish surname it is that of Cleland. It derives from a Lanarkshire village, once pleasant, but now a grimy suburb of Wishaw. Those who bear it are frequent in Glasgow and the south uplands of the Clyde Valley, but outside a radius of twenty miles of their place of origin specimens are rare, which suggests that they are a cautious clan, lacking the traditional wanderlust of the Scot. My own experience, embracing all sorts and conditions of Clelands, is to the same effect. Respectability is the badge of the Cleland tribe. When you meet a Cleland you meet a safe man. He may have ambitions, but they are strictly moderate. He may be a schoolmaster, a doctor, a parson, or even a professor; and if he has any taste for public life he will risk being a bailie, but will eschew high politics except, perhaps, to the extent of being a local party boss. Anything beyond these modest limits frightens him. Probably it is a sound instinct. The few Clelands who have ventured farther all seem to have been unlucky. One I knew gave all the promise of being a big politician, but he could not stay the course, and died young. Item, there was William Cleland, Covenanter, soldier and poet, the quick-witted youth who outmanœuvred Claverhouse and was responsible for "Bonnie Dundee's" hurried exit from Edinburgh. I cannot say, but I am inclined to think that he was the prototype of Henry Morton in *Old Mortality*. He did not enjoy his triumph long. As first colonel of the Cameronians he held Dunkeld against a tremendous concentration of the Highland Host, but fell to a Highland bullet in the moment of victory.

Item, there was John Cleland. "Oh, breathe not his name," I can hear some well-informed reader protest in a whisper. "Was he not the disreputable person who wrote *Fanny Hill, or The Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, a disgusting work of pornography that shocked even the middle eighteenth century?" Yes, well-informed reader, he was; and it is true that for many a long year nobody on this side of the Channel has dared to reprint his masterpiece. But they order this matter otherwise in France.

Poor John Cleland! Fate played him a peculiarly dirty trick. He had very considerable talents, wrote extremely well, and, strange as it may seem, had a sensitiveness and essential decency about sex that was rare in his age. *Fanny Hill* is, in the last analysis, a far less brutal work than *Roderick Random* or even *Tom Jones*; but there is no getting away from the fact that it is avowed pornography. Written in a moment of extremity for the sake of a few desperately necessary guineas, it obtained for the author a notoriety that he was far from expecting or desiring. Afterwards he wrote several works of fiction of real and less exceptional merit, but they are quite forgotten. It is *Fanny Hill* that keeps John Cleland's name dubiously green. The details of his long life—he died in 1789 at the age of eighty—are obscure. He was a younger son of Major William Cleland, a middling honest and extremely pushful Scottish place-hunter. In contrast to his more famous namesake Major William Cleland was a high Tory, and so obtained comfortable Government employment, at first in Edinburgh, but latterly in London, where he had more scope for indulging his taste for fine clothes and literary society. He became fairly intimate with Pope and Steele. To the latter he is said to have suggested the character of Will Honeycombe, but this his been doubted. The former occasionally borrowed Cleland's name for compositions to which he did not care to put his own. (The introductory epistle to the later editions of the *Dunciad* is the best-known instance.) From this it has been inferred that the lending of his name was the only return Major Cleland could make for various favours received. One such is on record. Cleland had two boys at Westminster. The elder went on to Christ Church, and Pope wrote to Harley bespeaking his interest for him, but whether the young man got any advantage from it is not known, for we hear no more of him. It was reserved for his young brother to get all the fame for the family. John Cleland did not go to Christ Church. It almost looks as if he left Westminster under a cloud—at any rate, he was shipped off in his 'teens to the British Consul at Smyrna. (Youth was served in those days.) A little later he was jobbed into the East India Company's service at Bombay, where, with ordinary prudence and luck, he ought to have done well for himself. What cut short his career in India is unknown, except that it was something of which his superiors in the service took unpleasant notice. All that is known is that some time in the later forties, after a long, obscure and shabby Odyssey about Europe, he turned up in London, middle-aged, penniless and friendless. His father was dead, and so was Mr. Pope. He had no resource but to write for the booksellers. Hence *Fanny Hill*.

The history of Fanny's notoriety is curious, and apt to make sport for the heathen. Issued at first by an obscure

bookseller in two duodecimo volumes, it made no particular stir. But it was seen by Ralph Griffiths, the most enterprising man in the book trade, and proprietor of the *Monthly Review*. Griffiths was a pillar of Nonconformity and a pillar of respectability, but business is business, and there were distinct possibilities in *Fanny Hill*. He bought up all rights in the book for twenty guineas, and reissued it in one volume. This sower of good seed had his reward, which worked out, not at tenfold, or fiftyfold, or a hundredfold, but a thousandfold, for *Fanny Hill*, under his respectable auspices, proved a best seller, and is said to have brought in a profit of £20,000.

But publicity has its perils. The vogue of *Fanny Hill* became such a scandal that John Cleland was called to answer for it to the Privy Council. His publisher, who, for some reason, was not regarded as at all culpable, was pained and shocked beyond measure that England, supposed to be a free and enlightened country, should give such an humiliating exhibition of prudery. He had the book noticed at length in the *Monthly Review*:

> Though this book is said to have been taken from a very loose work, printed about two years ago, in two volumes, and on that account a strong prejudice has arisen against it, yet it does not appear to us that this performance, whatever the two volumes might be (for we have not seen them) has anything in it more offensive to decency, or delicacy of sentiment or expression, than our novels in general have. . . . As to the step lately taken to suppress this book, we really are at a loss to account for it; yet perhaps all wonder on this head will cease, when we consider how liable great men are to be misinformed, how frequently obliged to see with other men's eyes, and hear with other people's ears.

To this there is a news footnote quite in the modern style:

> The newspapers inform us that the celebrated history of *Tom Jones* has been suppressed in *France* as an immoral work.

The summons to the Privy Council turned out to be one of those clouds that are big with mercy. It so happened that the newly chosen President was Carteret, and Carteret was not only a good-natured soul, but, like Cleland, an old Westminster boy. Asked what he had to say for himself, Cleland could but answer that a man must live and, as far as possible, keep out of gaol. The Council took no action, and so grieved was the Lord President that a Westminster boy should be reduced to such straits that he got Cleland a pension of £100 a year. It has been suggested that Carteret was not wholly disinterested and that his purpose was to engage Cleland's pen for propaganda. If so, he was a poor judge of Cleland's abilities, which did not lie in the direction of political journalism. He wrote a good many articles for the *Public Advertiser*, but, says the writer of his obituary notice, "when he touched politics he touched it like a torpedo; he was cold, benumbing, and soporific." After *Fanny Hill* he wrote *The Memoirs of a Coxcomb*—a really good novel—one or two other works of fiction and a few plays of no consequence, and in his advanced years he dabbled in philology in the incompetent manner of his time. (The eighteenth century produced only one first-class philologist, and he had the misfortune to be hanged.) He also fabricated quite a lot of letters in the name of Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu, which was, perhaps, wrong of him. But he was never really ambitious. Carteret's bounty supplying all his needs, he relapsed into normal Clelandism. When he died, in January, 1789, Sylvanus Urban wrote of him:

> He lived within the income of his pension for many years in a retired situation in Petty France, surrounded by a good library, and the occasional visits of some literary friends, to whom he was a very agreeable companion. . . . In conversation he was very pleasant and anecdotical, understanding most of the living languages and speaking them all very fluently. As a writer, he showed himself best in novels, song-writing and the lightest species of authorship.

So lived and died the author of *Fanny Hill*. As for the publisher, who, after all, deserves some credit for popularising a work that enjoys an honoured place in the *Catena Librorum Tacendorum*, his eminent services to literature were rewarded by the University of Philadelphia with the honorary degree of LL.D.

DONALD CARSWELL.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"To-morrow Will Be Friday"

IT is a sad comment on the vitality of the London theatre that such patent rubbish as *To-morrow Will Be Friday* can find shelter at the Haymarket, with an actress of Miss Tempest's quality to take on the impossible task of attempting to make tolerable its longueurs. The piece is hardly more than a selection from the theatrical rag-bag of the last thirty years. We drift aimlessly, for an hour and a half, with merciful intervals, from poor comedy of conversation into sentimental shallows, are caught up in a swirl of melodrama and finally left in the mud of stale convention, mildly disturbed, and very bored indeed. Miss Tempest as Lady Immingham, whose early theatrical marriage is brought up by a rascally nephew to prevent his arrest for stealing her jewels, carries a saxophone at one point to emphasise her modernity, but it might as well have been a sackbut, so firmly is her dilemma rooted in theatrical history. Mr. Leon Quartermaine, amorist, crook, and blackmailer, has one good scene with Miss Celia Johnson, whose pellucid sincerity and beauty carry her through a tedious part with honours, as usual. But the rest of the company, condemned to banality, may most kindly be ignored.

The Better Part

It is a little unfair for the author of a murder play to develop within the framework of his detective story a more serious theme. The critic must either reveal the murderer's identity or else avoid all discussion of the underlying idea. In discussing M. Lajos Zilahy's *Firebird* at the Playhouse the choice is easy. The author knows how to make the most of a dramatic situation, but is a poor interpreter of human relationships. He has written a thriller so excellently conceived that the intervals are all too short for the audience's laborious dissection of the crime. It would be a gross breach of good manners to help a friend or relative to cut these labours short. M. Zilahy is a skilful playwright. The quiet opening and shutting of doors, the hesitant footstep on the stair, the smooth, firm voice of an examining magistrate—of all these appeals to the stagnant imagination of a summer audience he is a master. In a block of flats belonging to a distinguished statesman, an actor, turbulent in love and indiscreet in address, is found shot. The plot turns round and about the statesman's wife, a lovely and—it cannot be concealed—a noble woman, whose relations with her daughter form the basic theme. Overcome in the third act by that rush of blood to the head which causes the sanest of writers sometimes to write intemperately of mother love, M. Zilahy, with far from happy results, plunged into the problem, still topical in Hungary, of the modern girl. With the help of Miss Gladys Cooper, who gives an admirably controlled and very graceful performance, his drama survives his philosophy. The rest of the cast are delightful with the exception of Mr. Alan Napier, whose retired statesman is more sickly and senile than even a retired statesman need be.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Promenade Concert, Queen's Hall, nightly, 8.

Sunday, September 4th—
- John Murphy on "Religion and Politics in Ireland," Conway Hall, 11.
- Three Choirs Festival, Worcester, September 4th–9th.
- "Quick Millions," Academy Cinema.

Monday, September 5th—
- "At Mrs. Beam's," Embassy.
- "Fifty-Fifty," Aldwych.

Tuesday, September 6th—
- Photographers' Exhibitions, Royal Institute Galleries, Sept. 6th–29th; 35 Russell Square, Sept. 10th–Oct. 8th.
- Grand Guignol, Duke of York's.

Wednesday, September 7th—
- "Oxford Blazers," Little.
- Last week of Stratford-upon-Avon Shakespeare Festival.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH (a frank, fastidious writer) does not extend to the public of his adopted country that generosity which he lavishes upon his private friends. Only at rare intervals does he consent to distil for us the petals of his culture; slim and infrequent are the phials in which his attar issues to the world. For all his industry he is no believer in mass production. Eclectic and aloof, silent and scientific, he carves his cherry stones; he moves in our quantitative world (in "the Sahara of our age") as the last patrician of letters, as if the high-priest of some forgotten rite, erecting cenotaphs to a lost sense of values. A touch of the sacerdotal (of the sadly sacerdotal) has thus entered into his voice, his style, his gestures. The sigh which emanates from the pages of Mr. Pearsall Smith is wistful, humorous, forgiving: yet it remains a sigh. There is a note in his criticism of the obituary, of the funeral oration: the smell of chrysanthemums hangs in the air: and with it all there is a note, not of reproach exactly, but of reproachfulness. Other scholars, other critics, may stimulate or even provoke: Mr. Pearsall Smith inspires a mood of gentle regret, a mood almost of remorse: we see his virtue and fester inwardly at the thought of our own vulgarity: we determine to do better next time: we reflect how calm, how scholarly, how nice is Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith: we reflect how salutary, amid the clang and sirens of our age, is this still small voice: and, thus reflecting, we are (or should be) grateful.

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To the September number of *Life and Letters*, Mr. Pearsall Smith has contributed a document of great interest. It is entitled "On Reading Shakespeare." He describes how, after an interval of years, he embarked (fortified by various guide-books) upon a renewed journey through the continent of Shakespeare's writings. He tells us of his apprehensions on starting, of the route he followed, of the several adventures of his travelling, of his many experiences in the high-ways and by-ways of Shakespeare's plays and poems, of the conflicting emotions which these experiences aroused, and of the residue of impression left upon him by this arduous and progressively exciting voyage. We are, in fact, given a record of adventures among masterpieces as experienced by an alert, unprejudiced and sensitive scholar. Few themes, few experiences, could be more suggestive: yet what renders the travel-diary of Mr. Pearsall Smith so truly valuable is that from start to finish he discloses, with frank self-examination, his successive states of mind. He starts from the point which has been reached by many persons of mature age and general education: he shares their doubts, their habituation, their actual weariness: he launches out upon his voyage with many apprehensions and but little hope: and he returns a proselyte, spell-bound by "the most magical, the most musical of all voices." "I too," he concludes, "have lost my reason: it is not among the shouting theorists that you shall find me, but babbling, among the imbecile adorers, my praise." It is stimulating to confront one's own expectations of such a voyage with its effect upon the temperament of Mr. Pearsall Smith. "Should I," one reflects, "sharing as I do these doubts, these apprehensions, return from such a journey with an identical residue of impression?" It is because he raises this fascinating query that I recommend Mr. Pearsall Smith's essay to all those who are interested in the revolutions of their own literary taste.

* * *

Let me begin with his apprehensions. Mr. Pearsall Smith justly draws attention to the fact that intensive study of Shakespeare unsettles the brain. Whether or no the cult of Shakespeare be a "great collective hallucination," the danger exists that specialisation in Shakespeare "is apt to derange the minds of those who undertake it." Mr. Pearsall Smith is aware also how insidious is the approach of that paranoia which distracts the Shakespearian scholar:

> Thousands and thousands of books have been written about Shakespeare and most of them are mad. These books are all very much alike in form and method. Each author begins by a sane and sensible exposure of the folly of his predecessors; and then, little by little, in hints and intimations, he begins to develop some delusion of his own. Strange interpretations, sometimes cryptograms, appear at first in furtive footnotes, and then flourish in the text; until at last the writer proclaims to the world his great discovery with shouts of maniacal exultation.

The dread of going mad was not, however, the only deterrent which Mr. Pearsall Smith, in embarking upon his voyage, had to face. There was the position of Shakespeare as a national institution, a vulgar fact which inspired him with "a kind of resentment, a touch of exasperation . . . a desire to tap the pedestal of this imposing statue." There was Shakespeare's humour, his feeble jokes, all that "intolerable chop-logic passing itself off as wit," that tense ribaldry, that "ithyphallic fun." There was the callousness of the Swan of Avon, the downright cruelty with which are handled such characters as Shylock or Malvolio. Nor did Mr. Pearsall Smith feel himself attuned, in our chill age, to the pathos of Shakespeare, deriving only embarrassment from the Elizabethan habit of hitting below the belt. Deep distress, moreover, was caused him by Shakespeare's complete lack of artistic conscience, by the cynicism with which he played to the gallery. Nor had he ever, since those distant days when Salvini played Othello (I can counter him here with Grasso in the same part), derived anything but displeasure from witnessing Shakespeare upon the stage. "Shakespeare's tragedies," he writes, "are dreadful, but no tragedy can equal the tragedy of seeing one performed." Even to read Shakespeare in an annotated edition, even to cope with the incessant interruptions of communication in style and meaning, caused Mr. Pearsall Smith much weariness of the flesh. "Can the writer," he exclaimed, "of such 'sad stuff' be really the greatest poet of all time? This barbaric medley of ribaldry, of blood and melodrama—is this really the top of human achievement, the finest memorial of mankind's existence?" Is it surprising that Mr. Pearsall Smith, thus variously deterred, should have been tempted by the "thrilling, if somewhat ignoble, adventure," of *not* re-reading Shakespeare, should almost have decided not to cross the frontier into that wide and perilous land?

* * *

It is interesting to trace the stages of Mr. Pearsall Smith's conversion. The pride of the scholar was at first tickled by the discovery that Shakespeare was a late flowering plant, that he became a remarkable phenomenon only towards middle age. Lulled by the pleasurable mood of receptivity thus induced Mr. Pearsall Smith collapsed, all Danae to the stars, and with what exuberance did he thereafter welcome the shower of gold. Bewitched by the spell of the wood-note wild, Mr. Pearsall Smith surrendered to his paranoia. It assumed the strange form of imagining that Shakespeare gave to his characters the quality of independent existence. However hysterical might be my own voyage to the Shakespeare continent, I do not feel, somehow, that I should return with that particular illusion. Shakespeare was not interested in human characters: he was interested in human predicaments. The moment his characters ceased to be involved in psychological predicaments, they relapsed into types. Yet I also, as Mr. Pearsall Smith, should have been bewitched by the unexpected in Shakespeare, by his variety, by his amazing genius for identification, by the actual quality of his surprise. The most striking fact about Shakespeare is his adjustability. He offers something new, unexpected and electrical in response to our every phase or mood. It is because this essay in *Life and Letters* approaches Shakespeare in a deliberate mood of scepticism, returning elated, that it is so useful and encouraging.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

NEW NOVELS

Lark Ascending. By MAZO DE LA ROCHE. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Contango. By JAMES HILTON. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Don Juan and the Wheelbarrow. By L. A. G. STRONG. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Mungo. By GEORGE WODEN. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

The Lost Generation. By RUTH HOLLAND. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The Profiteer. By GODFREY WAYTEMORE. Wright and Brown. 8s. 6d.

Bellows to Mend. By ESTHER GRAHAM. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

One talks with proper devoutness of the novelist whose book springs from a genuine imaginative experience and is not the result of knack or ingenuity, forgetting there is something to be said for the *knack* of writing novels. Better the successful knack-novelist than the genuine-experience fowl gone egg-bound. The knack formula is almost invariably the same: you take a person out of his habitual environment and put him into a strange one, and improve upon dead probability. Neither method nor knack are to be despised. Any congenital novelist of the genuine experience type, in early pregnancy, would turn with some envy from the mystery within him to Miss Mazo de la Roche's *Lark Ascending*. The book is a trick, but how expertly the trick is concealed! How convincing it is that her people should have decided to leave the deadness of Cape Cod for a hair-brained voyage to Sicily, how unexpected, rich, yet not improbable their sea-change. She is exuberant without running to nerves and wordy excitement; she gives her cramped characters a change of air in order that they may have a full release and development, and one has a growing confidence that she is the right person to imagine it generously. The obvious satirical opening she avoids. Fay Palmas, the handsome widow of a baker, with Indian blood in her veins, with suppressed gifts for commanding the admiration of an audience, dominating, reckless: her son, Diego, a sullen artist of some genius; her adopted daughter who loves and hates him; and Fay's dull and honest admirer are Innocents Abroad, a gift to sophisticated ridicule. Yet they are true innocents whom ridicule cannot massacre, children whose follies are not ugly. Here was a danger: Fay picking up a half-naked boatman at Teneriffe, discovering he is a Sicilian count, insisting he shall accompany them, ultimately marrying him, being deceived at last by him, and left in her Sicilian Eden alone, might have been made romantically improbable. But if one has had any doubts about this episode, they are removed by the justness of the ending: actress to the last, Fay glides to her villa like a nun, saying with a carefully acquired foreign accent: "Even we of the old noble families . . ." The danger with Diego was greater: he was a painter and it is rare to meet a convincing artist of any kind in a novel. But Diego is real and well-observed, the secret being that he is a person first and a painter after. And his relation with Josie, until he commits the final cruelty to her late in the story, is the best thing in the book. The rest may be a trick, a novelist's recreation, but this relationship is real.

The illusion of life and power in *Lark Ascending* comes in part from the fullness and freshness of the writing, but chiefly because each character is distinct from the others and yet related to them. They have, in common from the author, her shrewd sympathy alone. This is a characteristic of women novelists, who, unlike males, do not root their people in a common rationalised view of life. For a male novelist the task of creating a dozen *different* characters is far more difficult, the result vastly more substantial, if attained. This can be seen by a comparison with Mr. Hilton's *Contango*. He is a sound novelist with a knack and *Contango* is a trick novel, and an ambitious one. If its ambitions had been accomplished it would have made *Lark Ascending* seem a mere appetiser. Beginning in Malay with a good picture of a Government officer brought by chance against the anger of a gloomy and hysterical white colony, the book drops him for Brown, a business man pestered in Switzerland because he is mistaken for the disgraced official. He, too, is dropped for a young Roumanian inventor, who, after fame in Hollywood, ends his life in a South American earthquake. He is dropped—but this is Mr. Hilton's trick: by the relay of chance he follows the fortunes of several unrelated people. He catches them in moments of crisis, gives you a little of their lives, a little of the world crisis, in many parts of the earth. The great defect is that the link of chance is not strong enough. Why, when one's interest is engaged by the dilemma of an æsthete gone native with a repulsive savage woman in the bush, must one be whipped away to a dull intrigue in Geneva? There are nine episodes, each a sound beginning for a novel. The defence, no doubt, is that Mr. Hilton was preoccupied with his rationalised point of view. Two characters, the disgraced official in Malay and the schoolma'am who pestered his double in Switzerland, offered him the novelist's great opportunity of submitting to character, but he has accepted it as a liaison and not a marriage, and social instability inevitably sets in. *Contango* is, on the whole, an interesting, exciting and varied book, with some ideas and many entertaining notions. Mr. Hilton has the knack.

So has Mr. Strong, but he has won the right to be judged by more exacting standards, for at his best he can communicate genuine imaginative experience. The disappointment I feel about many of the sixteen short stories in his new book is due to a suspicion that he has got up, taken a common-sense look round and decided that there is a knack of doing this imaginative thing, too. The story describing the death of an old gardener, and "Good Riddance," a piece of calculated horror—an enraged farmer beats a boy to death—seem to me the best of the book, though neither are as good as the stories in *The English Captain*. His touch is not light enough—he is a trifle avuncular—for the spiritual anecdote. He is better as the humorous man of sense than the full-blooded interpreter of the animal in man. Among the amusing Devon sketches the story of a billiard match for a girl has a good twist of surprise in its tail; it is when he turns to anecdote without quaint turns of phrase to help him out that he is commonplace. I mean that a short story with a technical defect that would be forgiven in a novel is like a song sung flat. Clearly Mr. Strong is not satisfied to go on writing stories of peasant life and is experimenting, but I think he will do well to return to the native. The collection has the virtue of a variety of subject and manner, and is very readable.

In Mr. Woden we have the congenital novelist who has not sacrificed his freshness and who uses the canvas of a century. The plot is elaborate, tracing the rise to fortune of a coalminer's family in Glasgow and following the ramifications of love, ambition and accident among their descendants. There have been many of these sagas, competently written, well-observed, blameless portrayals of the generations, and the one fatal criticism of them is that the only reason they are not taken on to the year 2000 is that time has not bred them yet so far. They have no significance. They go in geometrical progression and have no imaginative spaciousness. Mr. Woden is guilty to some extent. As is usual, the atmosphere and setting are better in the opening chapters. His picture of an industrialised countryside has some vivid effects. What is less usual in this type of novel is that the characters of the young at the end of the book are more convincing and alive than their predecessors at the beginning.

Miss Ruth Holland writes of the generations also, but she has a point to make. It is true there is nothing new about it. She presents the young and old of a Welsh family before the war, during the war, and after, when the family has broken up, and shows them through the eyes of a sensitive child who grows up to lose a lover and a husband. She gradually hardens her spirit without hardening her heart. The book is far too long, level and generalised. Miss Holland is afraid of crises, escaping to description of the places and things around them instead. This is the weakness of the observant but not imaginative writer. The individual descriptions are sharp enough; but in the tedium she fails to move one with a moving theme. There is also the common family mistake that our background of aunts, uncles, fathers and mothers is exceptionally interesting because they are ours. On the other hand the relationship of the girl with her novelist husband is poignantly, searchingly and sincerely done. I do not know if Miss Holland is aiming at the knack; at the moment she has achieved the disposition.

The Profiteer is one of those solemn monuments to the unconscious humour of fervid patriotism which are the reviewer's joy. To the question: "Are you in love with Lord Reggland?" the lovely answer comes: "It is one which I have never asked myself . . . nor do I think the question needs an answer. War with Germany may or may not come. No one can say.

But if it comes our population and all our material resources will have to be organised. Administrators, men of science . . ." The author will undoubtedly achieve his object, which is to make us remember, now that "Germany is trying to repudiate her war guilt," the actual circumstances in which the war broke out—but hardly with the effect he imagines. It is all very sad. *Bellows to Mend* is about young huntin's and shootin's faced with that frightfully modern question, "Should a mother interfere?" I gather the answer is "No."

V. S. PRITCHETT.

WORDS AND THINGS

The Theory of Speech and Language. By ALAN H. GARDINER. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

This book is by a distinguished Egyptologist, whose studies in a language very unlike our own have naturally led him to ponder deeply on language in general. Everybody who has made acquaintance with languages which—so to put it—*think* differently from ours, will be led to ponder in this fashion; but few have followed out their ponderings so far as has Dr. Gardiner. Again, as the author of a comprehensive Egyptian grammar, he has been compelled to consider grammar in general, and to ask whether there is such a thing, whether it is necessary, whether the established systems are based on sound principles. The result is this book, which he calls a parergon, but which is a parergon arising almost inevitably out of the author's special studies.

It is exceedingly interesting, but in a peculiar way. Though it is certainly too long—the half of it would have been better than the whole—and though some of its illustrations are drawn out with damnable iteration, there is a compelling force about it which irresistibly leads one on, in hope of a reward worthy of the trouble. The reader is like Gideon's band when tracking the Midianites; he is faint, but pursuing, and he generally lights on some satisfying spoil.

What will surprise the layman is the number of obvious points which, according to Dr. Gardiner, are neglected by most writers on the subject, and which he therefore finds it necessary to stress. Take, for instance, the fact that speech is almost always ambiguous, and that its "meaning" is defined by the "area" or context in which it is uttered. One would have thought that everybody had noticed this a thousand times. If my thoughts are in one region, and I am suddenly addressed by a speaker whose thoughts are in another, I am almost certain to misinterpret him. Very often, in fact, his words will make perfect sense in my "area," though the sense is quite other than that which he intends.

Again, Mr. Gardiner devotes much time to discussing the distinction between "meaning" and "the thing meant." The distinction is, of course, most important; but it is, I believe, one which is constantly being impressed by teachers on their pupils. That almost everybody *forgets* the distinction at some time or other, mistaking the word for its meaning and the meaning for what it means, is no proof that we do not know there *is* a difference.

It is perhaps just here, however, that the main value of Dr. Gardiner's book lies. Much of it deals with what we all know but are inclined to forget: and his reminders are often very powerful and useful. He insists, for example, on the fact that speech has four factors, the speaker, the listener, the things referred to, and the linguistic material. These are factors which everybody but a professor would admit to be present in speech: none the less, it is as well to have them tabulated. That speech is a *social* activity is the first fact about it: even a poet's apostrophe to the ocean conceives of an ocean with ears. The second is that we have, already provided for us, a language *which we make use of* in speech. We also talk of *something*. The pages in which Dr. Gardiner draws out these truths are among the best in his book.

Disclaiming any special knowledge of psychology and philosophy, Dr. Gardiner yet knows that a sound theory of linguistics cannot be constructed without them: and there is, throughout the book, an underlying philosophical assumption. But the real purpose is to prepare for a grammar, which, indeed, Dr. Gardiner promises as a sequel. He therefore proceeds to discuss words and sentences. Rightly enough, he dismisses the fantastic theory that the sentence is prior to the word, and that words are simply later abstractions. A Red Indian, dictating to a missionary, and asked to go slowly, has no difficulty in separating one word from the next; and Dr. Gardiner, out of his special knowledge, shows that the Egyptian scribes marked the endings of words by determinatives. He therefore, having completed his introduction, starts with a discussion of the single word. From thence he proceeds to the sentence, and here he has many reflections which will stimulate the reader. He is even daring enough to add another to the hundred and forty definitions of the sentence which have already been proposed. Whether he is successful or not the reader must decide for himself. John Morley confessed that he could not define "Jingo"; but, he said, he generally knew a Jingo when he saw one. For the most part, we know a sentence when we see it. As to the vexed question whether a verb is necessary to a sentence, whether "Raining," "Horrible," or a mere nod or shrug can be rightly called a sentence or not, Dr. Gardiner has a good deal to say, with which I am happy to agree. If a shrug is not a sentence it is, at any rate, often something far more expressive than the most elaborate combination of subject and predicate: and, as every schoolmaster knows, the most effective threat is one conveyed by an aposiopesis.

As I have hinted, there are many things in this book which I think unnecessary, many pages spent on "considering too curiously." An analysis of "meaning" which concludes with the definition, "The thing meant by any utterance is whatever the speaker has intended to be understood from it by the listener," does not seem to carry us very far: nor is the dictum that "a statement asserts" particularly illuminating. But there is so much to stimulate thought, so much to make us consider the implications of theories we may have been disposed to accept too easily, that all annoyance is forgotten, and I closed the book with a feeling of sincere gratitude to an author who has so forcefully exercised my mind. This is the "meaning" of this review; "that which the critic has intended to be understood from it by the criticised."

E. E. KELLETT.

AGADIR

British Documents on the Origins of the War, 1898-1914. Vol. VII. The Agadir Crisis. Edited by G. P. GOOCH, D.Litt., and HAROLD TEMPERLEY, Litt.D. H.M. Stationery Office. 17s. 6d.

The Agadir Crisis in the summer of 1911 was the dress-rehearsal for those few hectic weeks of diplomatic play preceding the outbreak of the great war. On July 1st, 1911, the hectoring and sharp-tongued Suabian Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter rang up the curtain on the rehearsal by despatching the German cruiser, *Panther*, to Agadir to protect the supposedly threatened lives and property of German subjects. Each of the three Powers who had most reason to resent this high-handed action reacted to it differently and in accordance with their several national temperaments. Spain showed "almost undisguised pleasure at the embarrassment that it is expected will be caused to France," and the Spanish newspapers pointed out with a touch of malice that it was the French sphere in Morocco that was threatened by the German action. Moreover, the Spanish Ambassador in Berlin had been told by Kiderlen-Wächter that the German Government could not "stand by while other Powers were dividing up the country." Spain, therefore, adopted a "wait and see" policy and surmised with some acuteness that the "key to the question" lay in the attitude to be adopted by England. In France the news was greeted at first with the customary uproar in the French press in which a more or less simulated astonishment was mingled with sincere indignation arising out of an outraged patriotism. One voice alone was raised in *Humanité* in defence of the truth. M. Jaurès declared that Germany was only following the example set her by France in Morocco of intervening on "the classical excuse of protecting her subjects"; that in doing so she had entered "by the door criminally opened by the French Colonial party"; and that, therefore, a protest on the part of France against the German action as being contrary to the Act of Algeciras would be absurd inasmuch as "France has also violated it herself and her protest cannot be effective." At a garden party at the Elysée Palace on the same day, M. de Selves, the French Foreign Minister, with singular tact reproached banteringly the German Ambassador with Germany's want of taste in beginning conversations. He did not find it "*élégant*"—de Selves declared—for even in a duel "the adversaries began by saluting each other and not by one giving the other a sword thrust in the stomach."

These Gallic pleasantries, however, could not conceal the unpleasant fact that the situation threatened to develop in a manner unfavourable to France. Everything turned on what attitude England would adopt in the crisis. Hence on July 1st M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador in London, was already writing a confidential letter to Sir Edward Grey to inquire in the name of the French Government, "comment vous l'envisagez et quel moyen vous parait possible d'adopter pour en restreindre la portée." Would England send a warship to Agadir to keep watch upon the *Panther*? The British Cabinet wisely refused to accede to that insidious suggestion and then with a strange want of prescience immediately proceeded to interpose itself between France and her traditional enemy. The result of Mr. Lloyd George's bellicose Guildhall speech was to draw the fire of German animosity upon this country and to cause England to lose all chance she might otherwise have had of acting the "honest broker" for the general benefit of Europe.

The documents in the present volume, admirably edited by Drs. Gooch and Temperley, show the gradual entanglement of British foreign policy in the meshes of French diplomacy. The Agadir crisis may just possibly have been no more than a *ballon d'essai* sent up by Germany to test the strength of the Franco-British Entente. Lord Carnock and Sir Eyre Crowe both thought it was, and were agreed that Germany must be shown that "we intend to remain loyal to our obligations towards France." There was, however, a great and vital difference between being loyal to our obligations to France and letting ourselves become the tools of French policy. Moreover, the event proved the falsity of Crowe's argument when he declared that "the sole danger of an Anglo-German conflict consists in the possibility of Germany feeling confident of being able successfully to wage war against us," and from that premiss proceeded to draw the conclusion that England must always display a hostile front towards Germany and a friendly one towards France. The result was that Germany did genuinely begin to feel herself "encircled"—to borrow Bülow's unfortunate phrase—and to contemplate breaking through the *cordon sanitaire* at the first favourable opportunity. It is indeed a little startling to find Mr. Reginald McKenna, as First Lord of the Admiralty, telegraphing to Sir Edward Grey on September 15th, 1911, to know if there was "any danger of attack on ships at anchor here," and still more to read a private letter of Mr. Lloyd George to Grey on September 1st in which he declares that "war is by no means inevitable, but it is becoming an increasing probability." He added that England ought "to take every step which would render the issue of war more favourable, always provided that such a step does not increase the chance of precipitating war." There in truth lay the danger.

TRAVELLERS' TALES

Señor Bum in the Jungle. By ALGO SAND. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

Enchanted Sand. By D. H. HALL. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

When it comes to writing preposterous travel books—in the good and the bad sense—we may as well give in at once: the Americans win by miles. The extremely tall story is native to the wide open spaces: it is easier, inevitable to lie when there is plenty of space to lie in. Here geese naturally grow into swans, and these old birds do not mind at all if you laugh at their parentage. They have not succeeded in deluding you? Never mind. They will try their luck on someone else; no offence meant and none taken. Mr. Sand, who wandered alone among the swamps of Venezuela, may or may not be a liar. His story begins with assaults by Indians, starvation, isolation on a crocodile infested river, murder and all the correct and unusual horrors of the South American tropics where nature is gaudy and bloodthirsty, and he maintains the note without flagging. He appears to have been attacked by every reptile, stung by every mosquito and to have been present at every murder Venezuela had to offer. The revolutionaries, robbers, freebooters, footpads, the alligators, the carnivorous fish and the boa constrictors of the country, having heard that books on South America are unsaleable in the United States were put on their mettle. For once they evidently determined to be irresistibly "colourful" and "bright," to capture the North American market. This was their duty. If life cannot be sordid and fantastic, gaudy, horrible and exciting in South America, it has little chance anywhere else. The western world's greatest fantastics conquered and settled this southern continent and it is fitting that their tradition should be maintained; and though Mr. Sand is sometimes crude, vulgar and silly, he does maintain it in his way, and his preposterous book is readable, vivid. A map in this book would have been a joke.

Mr. Hall's journey was in that erstwhile part of Spanish America where Spain was withered by the New Mexican desert and not rotted by the tropics. He is a serious, restrained, observant and sensitive writer whose journey was as much a spiritual one as anything else. It would be unkind to Mr. Sand, if a comparison were pressed, but Mr. Hall too had his murder. He strains after no effects. He was one of those who, unable to stand the grind of a London office any longer, gamble with their prospects and take a rest cure from civilisation. He and his wife went out to look after a ranch for the winter, in return for their keep. It was not the ranch of his dreams; in fact, it was a lonely and filthy place in Indian country, owned by a shifty character who regarded Mr. Hall as a mixture of lamb for the slaughter, madman and criminal. The Indians were lazy, incredulous and mendacious—though Mr. Hall got to know them well enough to see there is more than one answer to the question why Indians lie, and indeed to the whole Indian problem. He saw the tragedy of the Indian who tries in vain to adapt himself to the white man's world. He was able, partly by the patience and weight of his own character, and partly because, coming from a far country, he was less suspect, to see a little behind the strict barrier of secrecy by which the Indians protect themselves. In time he quarrelled with the intolerable rancher and went to live with an Indian and his family. Here he learned something of Indian religion and custom, and he was at last permitted to enter a Kiva, one of the sacred meeting places—a rare experience for a white man. The greatest secrecy was observed, yet when he came out of the dark hole into the sunlight it was to find that the whole Indian community had heard the news in their mysterious and dramatic way, and were waiting for him. There was a touch-and-go moment in which he was surrounded by silent and angry faces, while his Indian friend explained. Then he was invited to go down, they divided, and he found himself sent away silently and alone. On his return to civilisation he crossed the New Mexican and Arizona deserts in an old car and not by the tourist routes. It was an adventurous and amusing journey. His book describes the genuine experience of a curious and diligent mind, and on the whole is well written.

A SCIENTIST RELAXES

The Child of Ocean. A Romance by Sir RONALD ROSS, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., F.R.S. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

This story was published by the great doctor either in 1889, when he was thirty-two, or in 1899, when he was embarked upon middle-age. The bibliographical note gives the earlier date. The reprinted preface to the first edition gives the later. The third edition—for assuredly there will be a third edition—will no doubt clear up this slight ambiguity.

The story is wild and improbable, but it is the work of a man of genius. It roars and rages. It recedes into the silences of nature, and recreates them. It nets the Pacific Ocean, capturing the glory of its peaceful woods and the gigantic fury of its storms. It terrifies us with solitude of reef, desert island, and tropical forest. It overwhelms us with detailed yet passionate descriptions of the seething fecundity of life. And in the midst of all this strangeness and horror and grandeur, it places a Victorian young lady who is determined at all costs to preserve her virginity. She is a castaway (aristocratic, Anglo-Indian) on one of the Andaman islands, hitherto inhabited by a wild monster (male) whose genesis has been hinted at in a prologue reminiscent of the more extravagant outbursts in *Moby Dick*. He is the Child of Ocean. As a babe he was thrown, in a clot of seaweed, on to the deck of a pirate ship during a monsoon storm, and finally was cast up as a child on this uninhabited island. As he grew up, he became a legend among the natives who occasionally visited the place. The lovely English girl, during her two years, taught him to speak, to read, to reason, and to love. She led him a fine dance, and only at the last, when rescued by her uncle, confessed her love. But the uncle, a stickler for "race," and already ashamed because his only sister had married "a Frenchman, a pianist," put his spoke into the completed wheel, and at the last moment the Child of Ocean conveniently and very nobly broke his heart, and was buried as a Christian in the

lagoon, while the young lady, still in a fit state for a suitable marriage, sailed away.

"Ridiculous, isn't it?" as William Archer's rajah said. How is it, then, that one has to read this story almost at a sitting? Perhaps the answer is simply that it is one of those queer works belonging to the kind (if they *can* be classified) where we find Robinson Crusoe, Moby Dick, Peter Wilkins, and a few others.

Scientific accuracy and detail combined with an imaginative fervour have succeeded in creating something unique. Poetry turns Mohammedan in this book and marries geology, zoology, and all the other natural sciences. The resultant fecundity is almost terrifying. Here, for instance, is a paragraph from a description of a limestone cave whose pillars stand in the sea, graced with coralline tracery round their massive bases. "Everything in this cavern seemed to be in a mortal terror; the huge impending masses appeared to sweat and shrink back in fear as they looked downwards into the hideous water; the little flowers which gazed all day into the black pools wore a look of agony; the crystals and stalactites formed singular faces glaring in horror at the inscrutable flood; the drops that fell incessantly from the roof could almost be heard to utter tiny shrieks as they met the surface, as if by living creatures that might be devoured by monsters—a short struggle could be imagined, and then a silence."

SOME POETS

Rimeless Numbers. By R. C. TREVELYAN. Hogarth Press. 5s.

Armed October. By LAURENCE WHISTLER. Cobden-Sanderson. 5s.

Poems. By GEORGE VILLIERS. Oxford University Press. 5s.

An English Oak. By ARTHUR E. J. LEGGE. Lane. 2s. 6d.

Cold Comfort. By CHARLES DAVIES. Noel Douglas. 5s.

Paduan Novembers and Other Poems. By LORNA DE LUCCHI. Blackwell. 3s. 6d.

Changing Horizons. By GEOFFREY JOHNSON. C. W. Daniel. 5s.

Thirty Poems. By NORAH NISBET. Blackwell. 3s. 6d.

Golden Wedding. By ALAN MULGAN. Dent. 2s. 6d.

It is easier to evoke Poseidon or spy upon the resurgent Aphrodite than to capture the hexameter. Poets who cultivate classical metres have to cope not only with the difficulties of the intractable English language, but with the obstinate ear of their readers. Most readers are not only afflicted by painful memories of schoolroom scansion, but are possessed by the six English devils of accent and may be relied upon to turn your most respectable hexameter into a galumphing measure. Mr. Trevelyan in his experiments does not attempt, like Dr. Bridges, to fix the quantity of English syllables. Realising that the English hexameter in the past, as handled by Longfellow or Clough, tends to become a triple-time measure, he endeavours by dexterity to slow down the movement. It is notable how the imitation of classical metres imposes on an experimentalist a ponderous vocabulary of its own and forces him, since there is so much space to fill, into paraphrases. In his epistolary form Mr. Trevelyan, however, can disguise the expedient playfully.

> How should I then blame you, that afar to some Austrian highland
> Already hence you are flown, duly armed with needful equipment
> For that dangerous art you love?

Rope and stock belong to a world of less ambiguous feet. Galliambics are even more tantalising, since that measure of Catullus is itself a disputable one. It seems ungrateful to question Mr. Trevelyan's practice or to harp on the truism that subtle rhythms best lure us when they spring from imaginative need or enchanted mood.

Mr. Laurence Whistler in his first book, which is gravely illustrated by Mr. Rex Whistler, confesses the imaginative need of filling woods and streams with his own desires.

> I light the world at unremembered beams—
> I cry the Gods of Hellas from their graves
> to reinhabit earth and air and waves!

and he is haunted by:

> old temples mouldering softly into grass
> with nothing but a silence of hushed leaves
> to tell their lost divinity.

This sense of remoteness, of the dew's "uncandled coldness," of "chill-ichored flowers" gives a quality to his work, though in "Grass" and "A Sleeping Child," he encroaches upon those guarded silences which belong exclusively to Walter de la Mare. Mr. George Villiers keeps to the dignities of English verse and is rarely as moved by eye's fancy as in this glimpse of Gloucester:

> Suddenly the Cathedral!—
> Thrusting its great, dim, choiring head amid the stars,
> Splendid, aloof,
> Supreme above the City—
> And I?—a water-rat,
> Peeping through the tangled stalks of reeds
> To see a great Swan throned upon her nest. . . .

There are eight cantos and more than 3,000 rimed lines in *An English Oak*, by Mr. Arthur E. J. Legge. He satirises modern civilisation and is happy doing so in epigrammatic couplets. His discontent is less personal, however, than that of Mr. Charles Davies, who, in *Cold Comfort*, justifies his title. Mr. Davies wanders in the Waste Land of "Apocrypha: (Nineteen-dirtytwo)"—a characteristic title, but his religious discontents seem as yet more wilful than spiritual. Mrs. Lorna de Lucchi writes from Italy radiantly, still happily, touching her songs with the luxuriating wistfulness of exile.

Mr. Geoffrey Johnson in his second book shows once more a delight in imagery, but seems to suspect rightly that he has missed the transforming power which alone makes imagery worth while. At any rate he writes:

> May your wind strip me bare of all this gear,
> Till I am poor enough to be believed.

Mr. Edward Garnett, in an introduction to *Thirty Poems*, by Norah Nisbet, makes an interesting plea for cheap production of poems. He thinks that there are hundreds, perhaps many hundreds of genuine poets who could be heard if poems could be bought as cheaply as oranges. He is surely optimistic! Miss Nisbet's poems, though slight, have a restraint that is rare enough. Her lyrics tell us very little, perhaps, but their expression is chosen with care and each delicately modulates a youthful mood

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Golden Wedding comes oddly out of the past and is a narrative poem of New Zealand home life. It has the charm of what has become old-fashioned, but it requires courage to admit nowadays that a long poem can yield as much pleasure as a novel.

REVOLUTION OR REFORM

Whither Britain? A Radical Answer. By HUBERT PHILLIPS, ARTHUR HOLGATE, R. MOELWYN JONES, T. ELDER JONES, IFOR LLOYD, JULES MENKEN, and ALAN SAINSBURY. Faber and Faber. 1s.

The Crisis: The Only Way Out. By EMILE BURNS. Martin Lawrence. 2s. 6d.

These two little books provide an amusing contrast in interpretations. In *Whither Britain?* a group of young Liberals have set themselves broadly to re-state the policy of the Liberal "Yellow Book" in terms appropriate to the changed economic conditions of 1932; while in *The Crisis* Mr. Burns presents single-handed the pure milk of the Communist gospel as applied to the present situation of Great Britain. The amusing part of the contrast lies less in what the two books say than in the almost unargued assumptions on which they are based. Mr. Burns is as sure that the capitalist system is on the verge of breaking down, and that there can be no lasting recovery from the present depression, as his Liberal rivals are sure that the fundamental social and economic conditions of the present system will remain for a long time in being, subject to progressive reform but not to revolution. So different is the tone that it is almost unbelievable that both books are presented as diagnoses of one and the same set of conditions.

Mr. Burns's chief preoccupation is not to prove that revolution is necessary; that he takes, in effect, for granted. It is rather to demolish the argument that Great Britain cannot afford a revolution because of her dependence on imported foodstuffs and on external trade with a capitalist world. He sweeps aside in a few sentences the contention that a Socialist country will experience any difficulty in trading with capitalist countries, though the actual course of Russian trade and Mr. Bennett's latest achievement at Ottawa in organising a boycott of Russian products should give him something to think about in this connection. He also dismisses with a great deal more care the argument that a Socialist Britain would be in danger of early starvation owing to a stoppage of supplies from abroad. In this, by far the most interesting section of his book, he endeavours to calculate the real extent of the available supplies within the country, and the speed with which higher production of necessaries could be secured at home. His conclusion is that Great Britain could hold out quite long enough to get past the initial difficulties of a revolutionary crisis, and that there would be no real danger of her people being starved out by a prolonged and organised boycott.

To pass from Mr. Burns to the young Radicals is to move into a different world. For these Radicals, apart from their not being revolutionaries, turn out to be not so very radical after all. They deplore the division of Radical forces "through a concentration of interest upon ultimate objections that daily become more unreal"—that is, presumably, Socialism—and regard this ideological tendency as the "principal obstacle to be surmounted." They go on to outline, within the framework of the present economic system, a number of reforms for the most part both estimable and familiar, and based largely on the proposals put forward in the "Yellow Book" some years ago. They want limitation of inheritance, a National Investment Board, non-political public corporations for the conduct or supervision of certain industries, a higher price-level and a reflationist banking policy. They hanker after a return to Free Trade, but seem to doubt its immediate practicability and to be prepared for temporary compromise with the Evil One. And, above all, they write on the assumption of a continuing and fairly stable capitalist system, within which there is room and opportunity for a satisfactory measure of gradual and orderly progress. If this is Radicalism—and it doubtless is, in relation to the "National" Liberalism of these days—it is none the less Radicalism without a sting; and one feels again and again that it lacks the driving force of democratic revolt which gave the old Radicalism its human appeal. Even Mr. Burns's sheer fanaticism is apt to shine by contrast, because he seems, at any rate, to have genuine enthusiasm behind him, whereas these young Radicals write as if they were middle-aged in a middle-aged world. For surely "ultimate objectives," so far from "becoming daily more unreal," are taking on more and more the form and colour of immediate practical possibilities; and he who dismisses political ideals as useless in the world of to-day shows himself incapable of reading rightly the signs and portents of an age of dramatic, political, and economic transition.

G. D. H. COLE

HOLIDAY TASK

Hot Water. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. Jenkins. 7s. 6d.

Britisher on Broadway. By ANTHONY ARMSTRONG. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

Fanfare for Tin Trumpets. By MARGERY SHARPE. Barker. 7s. 6d.

No doubt it was a slightly self-satisfied Englishman who retorted, in reply to the American greeting "Pleased to meetcha," by ejaculating, "Most people are"; but what other answer could Mr. Wodehouse truthfully make? He is the ripple across the Atlantic: he made the East to West flight long before Mollison, and made it snappy. He speaks both languages with equal ease; and if his clothes are Savile Row, his crimes are of Cicero. No stream of tepidity preludes a trickle of warm water for him: it is hot from the first turn of the tap. "One word led to another, and in the end she hit me over the head with a vase and went out of my life." That is near the beginning of his book: and how Miltonic in its simplicity is the last sentence: "A hideous noise woke the birds in the tree-tops. Senator Opal was coming down the path with a song on his lips." There is no need to tell the story of this book. It is a comedy of masks, mistakes, "ice" (which is diamonds), crooks, simps, highbrows and lovely girls: and at the end, in revealing the identity of Mrs. Wellington Gedge, Mr. Wodehouse carelessly shows that he, too, can spring a complete surprise on his readers. In evidence that his form is still fine, even in the quieter descriptions, I will quote that passage where Patrick B. Franklyn, Yale footballer and millionaire, speaks a piece about Waterloo Station at holiday time:

> There was one fellow came navigating by here just now with an infant in each hand, and attached to each infant, mark you, a Sealyham on a string. The last I saw of them, the port-side child had got tangled up with the starboard Sealyham, and the port-side Sealyham with the starboard child, and, take it for all in all, it was beginning to look like a big day for Dad. In my opinion, good clean fun, gratifyingly free from all this modern suggestiveness.

In a less stylised way, without that perfect assurance, as of a consummate dancer, that marks Mr. Wodehouse, the author of *Britisher on Broadway* keeps us wise about New York. His swift series of impressions—I particularly like those that deal with the habits of the Subway—show an inquiring mind and a firm character, only to be weakened by New York policemen and speak-easies. Mr. Armstrong's accent is a little wilder and woollier in its American than one might expect from a contributor to *Punch*; but he contrives to make even his bell-hops credible to the non-American reader. A lively little guide-book, this, of quite as much practical use as most English books of advice to the Englishman about to visit New York. A brief acquaintance with the book should enable him to imitate, as Mr. Wodehouse says, "the mating cry of the boll-weevil"; and to that cry no doors remain shut.

Fanfare for Tin Trumpets is that admirable and, alas! unusual thing, a serious novel which is full of humour, of acute, laughing analysis and a genuinely comic philosophy of life. It is not in the least a funny book. It is as serious as a novel by F. Anstey, or Pett Ridge, or Barry Pain, or "Elizabeth"; but the author, driven by that sense of humour so strongly deprecated by those authors who find that its possessors do not take them entirely seriously, brings to her study of men and women that lively sense of proportion and perspective which has always been the gift of the best novelists. When Alistair French, with his legacy of £100 a year, goes to London to be an author, he is perfectly serious and sincere. He has all that would make a good novelist or dramatist except the power to turn dreams into facts. Miss Sharpe sends him and his friend Henry to rooms off the Edgware Road, and to intimacy with as gay and life-like a set of cockney folk as I have met for years in a novel. Winnie Parker is a portrait at once humorous and lovable; and the same keen observation is brought to bear on the young things who frequent The Embryo Club, the loungers in the studios and salons, and on Cressida Drury and Camilla Dane, the two

actresses whose lives touch, for Alistair's distress and enlightenment, the circle of his own. There is a little happy improbability in the circumstance of the story; but that matters not a bit beside the brilliant, comic naturalism of the characters—rather indeed is that naturalism helped by the occasional conventionality of the setting. This is a full, rich book, far surer and completer than Miss Sharpe's first novel: it has a humanity and an experience which give it a singular attraction, and it is written with unaffected brightness and a freedom from that arch winsomeness which too often spoils feminine stories about young men. R. E. R.

SHORTER NOTICES

Side-Lines, Side-Lights and Reflections. By G. E. M. SKUES. Seeley, Service. 21s.

Fly-fishers in particular will revel in this bulky volume which its author refuses to dignify by the name of "book." It is a collection of Mr. Skues's contributions, mainly pseudonymous, to periodicals; and the name "Seaforth and Soforth" may convey more than does the author's own to readers of the *Field* or the *Fly-Fishers' Club Journal*. The papers, most of which are brief, are written in that serene and easy style that characterises the enthusiast yarning about his hobby. Mr. Skues has fished trout in Norway, Germany and Bosnia, but his favourite river is the Itchen, where success fluctuates more than good temper and a ripe regard for humour. Advice and information are to be gathered from these miscellaneous papers on dry-fly and wet-fly fishing, the dressing of nymphs and trout-flies, and the manner of catching trout in summertime when ordinary methods fail.

The Secretaries of State, 1681-1782. By M. A. THOMSON. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

The development of secretaryships of state is concerned very closely with the change from personal rule by kings to political ascendancy of ministers. Dr. Thomson takes up a rather involved story at the point where secretaries began to initiate or influence policy. For a long period, two secretaries officiated who had charge of a southern and a northern province of England and who corresponded with somewhat arbitrarily divided foreign countries. The eighteenth century was singularly uninterested in administrative organisation, and a clumsy division of duties was tolerated long after affairs were better ordered in France, as James II perceived in exile. The setting-up is described here of Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations who became by common parlance the Board of Trade, in regard to which a modern secretary recently suffered a legal mishap. Naturally, Dr. Thomson's detailed account also includes the beginnings of a civil service. He gives an interesting section on the secret service, which includes an odd episode of William III deciding that Sir Samuel Morland's invention of a way of opening letters without their recipients being any the wiser ought to die with its inventor.

Annual Survey of English Law, 1931. London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London) Department of Law. 10s. 6d.

This substantial volume of 381 pages is the fifth to be issued by the London School of Economics since the series was opened in 1928. Like its predecessors, it is the composite product of members of the Department of Law, different teachers being responsible for one or more sections apiece. The subject is divided under fourteen main heads, and for each there is a survey of legislation, case law, and literature; as well as of Orders in Council, subordinate legislation, emergency legislation, and delegated legislation, in sections where these apply. The arrangement is probably not to be improved on, and there are full tables of the statutes, cases, and other material, besides an adequate index. The quality of the actual digests varies somewhat as between the sections. Summaries of statutes and cases are more easily reduced to a standard than descriptions of books. Some of the editors give these last in a really business-like form, showing the reader where he can find what he may want; but too many follow the conventions of cursory reviewing, with witticisms and stock turns which seem scarcely needed here. But as a whole it is a most serviceable volume, and one would like to see its usefulness more widely recognised.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

NEW FRENCH RECORDS

DARIUS MILHAUD, although he is the most interesting figure in French music of to-day, has never been exactly a favourite with English audiences, and I fear that his popularity in this country will hardly be enhanced by his *opera-minutes* which have just been recorded by French Columbia. The idea of a ten-minute opera, however seductive it may be to the wretched music-critic, will not appeal to the English music-lover who demands, above all, length, weight, breadth and depth (the last quality without the other three would have little attraction). These three pocket-operas (settings of libretti on classical themes by Henri Hoppenot) are not likely to be seen on the stage here, but they have quite sufficient musical continuity for a concert performance. The sooner we hear them in actuality the better, for, in the present instance, the greater part of the orchestral detail has been successfully obscured by the curious technical methods of French recording. I cannot understand why French recording should be so notably inferior to German, English or American. The moment they have to deal with any work containing a soloist (Debussy's Saxophone Rhapsody, for example) the so-called accompaniment is ruthlessly thrust into a Rembrandtesque obscurity. This is just tolerable in an aria of the Bellini type where the vocal line is paramount and our ears automatically fill in the bare and simple accompaniment; but it is exasperating in the case of a composer like Milhaud whose vocal line is simple and diatonic enough, but whose orchestral treatment of it is complex and unusual. There are far too many passages in these records which suggest that the singers have locked the orchestra, bound and gagged, into a cupboard, and are celebrating their triumph at close range. The extremely effective choral writing comes out best.

The *operas-minutes* are not Milhaud at his best, but they are very interesting examples of his eclectic yet highly personal style. In their mingled classicism and modernity, seventeenth century ritornellos finding themselves next to twentieth century rumbas, they recall the treatment of mythological subjects by Dufresne (who certainly should provide the *décors* for a stage presentation). *L'Abandon d'Ariane* (D. 15139) is rather dull; *La Délivrance de Thésée* (D. 15137) has a spirited opening and an excellent quiet ending; *L'Enlèvement d'Europe* (D. 15138) is by far the most impressive, though it must be admitted that two of the most striking passages are not unreminiscent, one of *Les Noces* the other, curiously enough, of *Madam Butterfly*. The final impression, however, is one of a strong and original personality.

It was rather unwise to put Ravel's *Pavane pour une Infante défunte* as a fill-up side at the end of his Piano Concerto (French

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Columbia 3 12in. LFX 257-9, played by Marguerite Long, conducted by the composer), for although an early work influenced by Fauré and Chabrier it has at least a genuine and spontaneous musical impulse which is lacking in the brilliant and ingenious pastiches that constitute the greater part of Ravel's later work. The Concerto, it is true, has far more intrinsic vitality than such works as *Tzigane* or *Bolero*, but one feels that even the most apparently simple and lyrical passages are too consciously motivated. It seems, for instance, that in the slow movement (a remarkable technical achievement as regards its long-drawn-out melodic line) Ravel by so deliberately searching after a calm classic beauty has achieved merely a certain cold elegance. The first movement is the most vital of the three. The third is merely brilliant table talk in which the jazz orchestral effects have the same rather tiresome *chic* as the introduction of American slang into a French conversation. The recording is quite good and the playing of the solo part is altogether excellent.

The overture to *Gwendoline* by Chabrier (French H.M.V. 1 12in. D.B. 4843, the Conservatoire orchestra under Piero Coppola) represents that regrettable phase in Chabrier's career when he gave up his true bent in a foredoomed attempt to follow Wagner. Unfortunately cheerfulness would keep breaking in, and those touches of the Parisian music-hall which are so delightful in his really typical works, strike a strange note in this early Anglo-Saxon opera. Chabrier, whose so-called vulgar works like *Joyeuse Marche* are really models of taste, here, in his "grand opera," for the first time is genuinely and unconsciously vulgar. As an example of French popular music at its best, I can highly recommend the French version of a tune called "When Yuba plays the Rumba on the Tuba." When sung and played by the average English jazz-band this composition drives one to gin, and worse, but the version issued by French Columbia is as good as the best bits in René Clair. Unfortunately, having lent my copy, I have forgotten the name of the singer, but the title is *Elle s'appelle Youba!* and the number (I believe) is D. 850. Following the practice of French cafés when playing this type of record, the gramophone should be screwed up at least a third.

CONSTANT LAMBERT.

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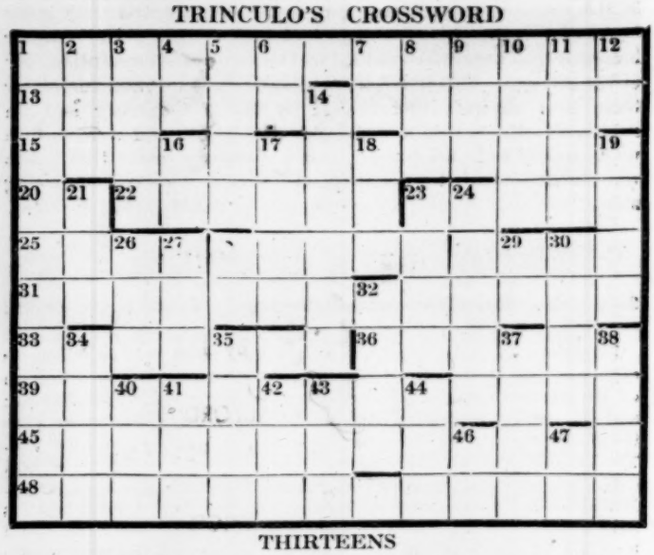

THIRTEENS

ACROSS.

1. With due attention to detail.
13. Woman of the pre-Pankhurst era.
15. Of this Hamlet accused Claudius.
20. Part of the range.
22. My initial letter stands for the whole of me.
23. I sometimes precede a loon.
25. Having reference to the stars in their courses.
31. How James I thought a country should be governed.
33. Shatter shatter.
36. Package's return.
39. They have each a dozen times as many faces as Janus.
45. End of the Gallipoli campaign.
48. Baby buntings.

DOWN.

1. Might help to determine chest capacity.
2. One end of a dried plum.
3. 47 sometimes comes between me and nothing.
4. Reason of death.
5. Not a gold standard unit.
6. 20 if stuffed with me is fragrant.
7. Last of the last days of Pompeii.
8. The illiterate might thus describe a musician's collected works.
9. Drastic punishment for a wrecker of homes.
10 *rev.* Catches.
11. Less than least.
12. Scotland's is well known.
14. Sometimes short and dry.
16. Hurry before 10.
17 *rev.* Ropemaker's material.
18. Odd made odder.
19. I might be saucy with you.
21. Umpire's decision reversed.
23. Speed from an outer covering.
24. Adverb suggestive of 23.
26. Reserve of reverse of 28.
27. Participant in the recent Olympiad.
28. *See* 26.
29. Judicially supreme.
30. Not a straightforward liar.
32 *rev.* Raw material of 22.
34. Vegetable actor.
35. Sounds like a musical tramp.
37. Don't get taken for this.
38. Peters might be.
40. The sort of lie you might expect from 30.
41 *rev.* The road to Gretna.
42. What the K.R. did not say.
43. Edward and Albert, for example.
44. Meaty palace.
46 *rev.* Another part of the range.
47. College before 40.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. gastronomists. 13. roquelaure. 14. eel. 15. (Ind)or(e). 16. unlimitedly. 19. tie. 20. giver. 22. beano *rev.* 24. Esau. 25. Ned. 27. embase *rep.* 29. st(e)ms. 30. quodlibet. 33. quid. 36. unreality. 38. unsaid. 39. acme (mace). 41. tre(es). 42. ethos. 43. edelweis(s). 46. sooth. 47. rose. 48. acre *rev.*

DOWN.—1. grotesques. 2. norist. 3. squeamish. 4. Tungus. 5. relinquish. 6. olive. 7. name(less). 8. (L)oui(s). 9, 10. mrie (mire). 11. telemetric. 12. sly. 14. bade *rev.* 17. 18. toenail. 21. ceder *rev.* 23. bet. 26. dorado. 28. slam. 31. under. 32. biter. 34. unto. 35 *rev.* Toad (of Toad Hall). 37. yesa (easy). 40. ewe. 44, 45. else *rev.*

Trinculo regrets that the wrong clue was inadvertently given for 21 down. He trusts that this palpable error did not spoil the enjoyment of the crossword.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

No. 7.—MATES

At the Lvov Chess Tournament in 19— there were ten competitors, each of whom played each of the others once. One point was awarded for a win and half a point for a draw. The competitors finished in the following order:

1. Casabianca. 2. Alasker. 3. Steinisch. 4. Spilsberry. 5. M'Bang M'Wang (the educated gorilla). 6. Morfew. 7. Snooper. 8 Algonquin. 9. Titterdown. 10. Puschowski.

Puschowski drew four of his games. Five competitors did not lose a game at all.

What was the result of the games, (1) between Alasker and Snooper; (2) between Steinisch and Morfew; (3) between Algonquin and Puschowski?

Problem No. 5.—BETTER THAN BOGEY

Bogey for the St. Andwich course is 76. Several competitors have reproached me with the comparative easiness of this problem. I admit it does not take long to solve. But with "Neverland" the week before, and the "Phlegmatic" the week after, something fairly simple seemed indicated.

Problem No. 4.—NEVERLAND

Sets of Low's cartoons are awarded to: N. M. H. Lightfoot, 3 Park Gardens, Liberton, Edinburgh; F. E. Maitland, Pullen's End, Headington Hill, Oxford. There were 57 correct solutions. I note with especial pleasure the success of Mr. Maitland, who has tackled almost every problem for the last seven months.

Note on "Neverland."—Some competitors have been a shade over-subtle in arguing that the General's second order "was not really ambiguous." Admittedly, it *ought* not to have been ambiguous. But who could be sure, in such an Army, (*a*) that no instructions other than those broadcast had been given to other units to proceed "to Night," (*b*) that the General's idea of "to-night" was the same as anyone else's; (*c*) that all units which should have moved by 6 p.m. had in fact moved at that hour?

Sets of Low's cartoons, in portfolio, will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions opened. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o. NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday, Sept. 13th.

CALIBAN

The LONDON MERCURY

Edited by J. C. Squire September, 1932

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR.

THE NEW ISSUE EMBARGO—A SECRET PACT?—THE WALL STREET BOOM.

THAT the State should assume formal control of the financial system in order to carry out its major policies of investment or national development is the accepted doctrine of the Socialist Party. Our National Government, however, is content with the substance without the form. This may be a useful object lesson in practical politics to the doctrinaire Socialists who, not content with nationalising the Bank of England and subjecting the clearing banks to its supervision, are determined to make their local bank managers a State appointment. Given a friendly and astute Governor of the Bank of England, together with a financial society regulated by the strictest conventions and taboos, the political control of the financial system is the easiest thing in the world. Thus, the National Government has been able to subject the new issue market to a more complete control than that contemplated by the National Investment Board of the Labour Party. On his return from Ottawa, Mr. Chamberlain gratefully acknowledged "the willingness of all parties concerned to accede to his request to refrain from the capital market." He admitted that some partial relaxation of the present arrangements might now be permitted, but for the time he would be glad—to quote from the official statement—"if not more than the following operations were undertaken: (a) a mere exchange of one class of security for another class of security without change of ownership, and (b) the issue of a new security to replace a security, the final redemption of which had, prior to July 1st, 1932, been fixed for a date earlier than December 1st next, provided that such operations concern only British (including Empire) sterling issues domiciled in London and involved neither the provision of new cash or underwriting." Why? For some false notion of supply and demand of capital? Or to postpone a a revival in trade for the sake of cheaper money? The question of terminating the embargo on new issues is to be reviewed at the beginning of October. Meanwhile, notices have been given of the repayment of £140.4 millions 4½ per cent. Treasury bonds 1932–34 and £12.8 millions 4½ per cent. War Loan 1932–34. This is part of the policy of piecemeal conversion to which the Government is now committed through its failure to deal broadly with the question of the National Debt.

* * *

What form of bond issue will be made to deal with these maturities on December 1st and with the balance of 5 per cent. War Loan held for redemption, which is expected to be not more than £100 millions, is still a mystery in the City. And it is also a mystery why the Government should have to wait until the beginning of October to review the question of the embargo on the new issue market. It knows that it will have to provide for maturities on December 1st of about £253 millions and there is no reason why it should not announce the terms of its bond issue forthwith. The suspicion is held that it is preserving the new issue market for the refunding operations of the Commonwealth of Australia Government. This, as I have said, is a scandalous and dangerous precedent to create. Imagine the storm of protest that would be aroused by the announcement of a Socialist Government that it was prohibiting issues on the capital market until West Ham or Poplar had converted its loans to a 2½ per cent. rate of interest. I venture to suggest to the Australian authorities that they should turn their attention in the first place to the New York bond market, where it is still possible to buy a 5 per cent. Commonwealth of Australia bond at 78½ and a New South Wales 5 per cent. bond at 73½. As there is no embargo on exchange dealings, the disgruntled British investor has at any rate the satisfaction of selling his New South Wales 5 per cent. sterling issue at 99 and reinvesting in the 5 per cent. dollar issue at 73½. Allowing for a possible loss on exchange if sterling is stabilised at 3.80, there would still be a profit on this transaction of 20 points if the New York issue moved up to parity with London.

* * *

It is time perhaps to review the Wall Street boom. Why and how it started was fully discussed in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of August 13th. It concluded then that the size of the recovery in security prices was entirely normal, for it marked the passing of the financial crisis. The return of confidence in the American breast may be likened to the return of the prodigal son. "It was meet that we should make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead and is alive again and was lost and is found." Having lost confidence for two years the American investor was surely justified in killing the golden calf to celebrate its return. In this case the killing had a peculiar monetary significance, for the golden calf had actually been *hoarded* for the purpose. The return of hoarded money in America has given a healthy appearance to the Wall Street recovery. Brokers loans have risen hardly at all in spite of the enormous appreciation in security values. Thus, the buying has been mainly for cash and the advance should on that account be the easier to maintain. Many investors are still fearful lest this should be another false start, but measured by the size and duration of the four previous recoveries since the crash in the autumn of 1929, the present Wall Street boom has the mark of the genuine thing:—

WALL STREET RECOVERIES IN THE LAST THREE YEARS

(Standard Statistics Index of 418 common stocks. 1926 = 100)

	Duration.	No. of Points Rise in Index.
November, 1929—April, 1930	21 weeks	44
June—July, 1930	4 ,,	14
December, 1930—February, 1931 ...	10 ,,	20
May—July, 1931	5 ,,	12
July, 1932, to date	8 ,,	25

* * *

The danger is that the recovery will get out of hand and degenerate into an unhealthy speculation. It is quite normal for a rise in the stock markets to precede a rise in the commodity markets. It is quite normal for a rise in the commodity markets to precede a trade revival. All this is in keeping with the orthodox doctrine of the money cycle. The question is whether the rise in commodity prices will proceed in an orderly fashion or degenerate into a gamble and end with a severe break. The American authorities have provided facilities for a thorough-going speculation in commodities. If by the return of hoarded currency and the use of the new credit pumped into the banking system an inflationary rise in commodities is set in motion, the Federal Reserve authorities will begin to take fright and proceed to tighten up credit and raise interest rates. Until Mr. Hoover is elected, possibly all will go well.

CONSIDER THE EGG!

Consider its artistic contour; its delicacy; its mystery; its habit of rolling when placed on an inclined plane. Above all, consider its smoothness. There are few familiar objects so attractively smooth as an egg. The thinly hirsute gooseberry is disreputable by comparison—and what shall be said of the ferociously bearded coconut?

Thoughts of smoothness arouse comparison with manly chins . . . which leads us to the rites of shaving. Of a truth, it has long been an irksome task to convert a coconut-like or even a "gooseberryish" chin, to the smooth immaculateness of an egg. But now there can be pleasure in shaving. One must have a good razor, of course. Even more important is the shaving cream—the thousand-times-multiplying lubricant that creates on face and chin foam and lather of a richness sufficient to soften the toughest bristles, and to leave the barbered skin velvety and refreshed. Let us say a cream like Parke-Davis Shaving Cream, of which you may secure a specimen to try merely for the asking. Seven days' good shaves will convince—then 1/6 long lasting tubes from your chemist. Write for the 7-day sample to: Euthymol, Dept. 119 T, 50 Beak Street, London, W.1.

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NEW.	TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD.	Sept. 15.
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LILIAN BRAITHWAITE. BENITA HUME.
Mats. Wed. and Thur. 2.30.

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